



THE
LONG
BRIGHT
LAND



EDITH HOWES





THE LONG BRIGHT LAND

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FAIRY TALES FROM SOUTHERN SEAS

By EDITH HOWES



WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY
DOROTHY P. LATHROP



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CHILDREN'S ROOM

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FOREWORD

CENTURIES before Columbus braved the Atlantic Ocean and discovered America those intrepid navigators, the Maoris, in their tree-hollowed, compass-less canoes, voyaged and re-voyaged the Pacific, compared with which the Atlantic is but a narrow sea. From their tropic shores (perhaps India or a Pacific continent since sunken) they migrated to tropic islands. Still farther they voyaged, sailing so far south that they came in sight of ice fields, "a land white like fat"; on their way back they discovered Ao-tea-roa, "the Long Bright Land", which the later Dutch explorer, Abel Tasman, called New Zealand.

In successive migrations, about the fourteenth century, several tribes sought these lovely islands of the New Zealand group and remained. They brought with them and established here their stone-age culture, their priests, their traditions from the older lands.

When the first white pioneers and missionaries came a hundred years ago, they found a savage but magnificent race, still in the stone age but possessed of Halls of Learning in which their youths were taught. Here their age-long genealogies were handed down, to be stored in trained and unerring memories. Here were kept alive those far-off recollections of the great voyages and of that loved and long-lost motherland which had given their viking ancestors birth — that Hawa-iki to which there was now no return in life, since the route had somehow been forgotten, but to which, after death, sighing spirits took their flight from the northernmost point of the Long Bright Land.

Here, too, were preserved the mysteries and the annals of their religion: magic, speculations into Nothingness and Darkness and Beginning and the making of the world, tales and attributes of their gods and half-gods — a complicated and highly poetic mythology, enriched with poems and prayers, songs and proverbs, folk lore and fairies.

The early missionaries, and more notably Sir George Grey, appointed Governor-in-Chief of New Zealand in 1845, collected and translated a great

mass of these myths, legends, folk tales, poems, prayers, and proverbs. From their old books and from more recent work in the field of Polynesian mythology, I have culled these tales.

The young Maoris now are brought up in the civilization of the whites; their stone-age culture is superseded by that of electricity and stainless knives; their legends are forgotten. But that these tales of a race's childhood, this store of romance and poetry and laughter should be lost to the childhood of to-day — would it not be a pity?

EDITH HOWES

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THE LONG BRIGHT LAND

IN THE BEGINNING

IN the beginning Papa the Earth lay in darkness, for Rangi the Sky, her husband, hung so low above her that no flowers could grow, nor trees, nor anything but strange plants whose leaves were flattened as they pressed upwards against Rangi the Sky.

In that darkness lived six young gods, sons of Rangi and Papa. They were not able to stand upright and grow to their full height, yet they knew of the light, for they had seen its edges from beneath the arms of Rangi the Sky.

"The light is beautiful," they said. "If Rangi would move upward, we might see it always."

They asked him to move upward, but he would not. "I remain near Papa the Earth," he said. "This is my chosen place."

"We will push him up," said the young gods among themselves. They decided that each should take a turn in trying to push up their father, Rangi.

One by one they tried with all their strength, but none could move him until Tané tried. He, pushing

with both hands against Rangi's mighty chest, raised him slightly from his resting place.

"The light! The light! It streams in!" cried the brothers.

Tané pushed harder still, using his feet as well as his hands. Higher and higher rose Rangi the Sky.

Papa* the Earth Mother wept aloud as Rangi was torn from her. Tané, resting a little while, heard an answering cry above him: "Cruel son, you have left me on the mountain peaks, and they are tearing my sides."

Tané looked up. In his pushing and stretching he had become a giant and had lifted Rangi to the mountain tops, where he hung upon their jagged peaks.

Tané was not really cruel. Quickly he ran across

* Maori proper names are pretty and easy to pronounce. Every syllable ends with a vowel. *Wh* is like the English *ph*.

Papa	is pronounced	Páh-pah
Tané	" "	Táh-ne
Tawhiri	" "	Táh-fe-re
Tiki	" "	Té-ke
Tawhaki	" "	Táh-fah-ke
Tamahine	" "	Tah-mah-hé-ne
Mauí	" "	Máh-we
Pare	" "	Páh-re
Hinemoa	" "	He-ne-mó-ah

the land and up the mountain sides. There he drew Rangi off the peaks and bound up his wounds. "Yet you must go up," he said. "You must go so high that you can never come down again."

He returned to his brothers. There he stood on his head and hands. Bending his right knee, he kicked Rangi so far into the heavens that he has had to stay there ever since.

"Now we shall always have light," said the brothers joyfully. "Now we can stand upright." They stood upright — young, giant gods.

"Let us make the garden beautiful," said Tané.

"I shall not help you. I shall go to Rangi," said Tawhiri, for he was jealous of his brothers and would not work with them.

He went to Rangi and lived with him in the sky. There he made the winds, setting them at the four corners of his home.

The others stayed with the Earth Mother, making her garden beautiful.

Tané made trees and bushes, flowers and moths, and butterflies and birds. The sun shone on the garden; flowers bloomed; birds sang in the branches and through the bright, warm air. Tané was well pleased.

Rongo made the food plants that grow in gardens ; Haumia made wild food plants ; Tangaroa made fishes and placed them in lake and river and sea.

"Weep no more for Rangi," said Tané to the Earth Mother. "Be happy in your beautiful garden."

"I cannot stop weeping for Rangi," she said. "He must be cold in the heavens, for he is not warmly clad."

"Then I will clothe him better," Tané said.

He made a warm, wide cloak of glowing red for Rangi. "I will fasten it with stars," he said, "for they are the most beautiful things I have ever seen."

He went a long and dangerous journey over the mountain tops and across the wild, dark lands of night to find the stars. Here at the end of the heavens he found them in glittering heaps. He gathered the largest and brightest, and standing on the mountain tops, he set them in Rangi's cloak.

But when he stood again upon the earth, he saw that in the brightness of the sunshine the stars did not show. So he made a dark cloak for nighttime and set them in that. There they shone in full beauty.

Still the Earth Mother was not happy about Rangi. "I fear lest he should fall from that great height,"

she said, "and be again pierced upon the mountain peaks."

At that Tané made pillars of soft cloud. With these he propped up Rangi, that he should not fall.

Thus Tané did all that he might do to ease the sorrow of Papa and Rangi. Yet these two have never recovered from their parting. In the night Rangi's tears fall upon the garden, and men, seeing them, call them dew. He looks fondly down upon Papa from the sun and moon, which are his eyes, and she sends up soft sighs of mist to tell him of her never-dying love. Both stretch their hands to touch where earth meets sky.

The brothers, living in the light, would now have been happy if Tawhiri would have been at peace. But he looked down from his home in the heavens and saw the shining of the garden and was once more jealous. Gathering together the winds he had made, he called to their aid the storms of the sky, with rain, hail, lightning, and black clouds. Down to the earth he swept with these, fell upon Tané's trees, beat them to the ground.

Tané was not in time to save his trees, but he called a warning to his brothers. Rongo and Haumia changed themselves into roots and hid beneath the

ground ; Tangaroa changed himself into a fish and slipped into the sea. Those brothers have lived in those refuges ever since.

But Tu would not hide. He stood boldly on a high hill and waited till Tawhiri came. There he fought him bravely and beat him and made him promise to leave his brothers in peace. Tawhiri still sends his winds at times to tease, but he is too much afraid of Tu to work any serious mischief ; for Tu, god of war, is very fierce.

Tané planted his trees again and saw them grow into mighty forests covering the land. More and more beautiful grows the garden, for never again can light be shut out.

MAN AND WOMAN

TANÉ said, "I have made trees and the birds that sing among their branches ; I have made insects and the lizards that run between the rocks. I will now make something greater than any of these."

He gathered red clay where earth had fallen from a cliff. "Earth," he said, "from which all things grow, and red, the sacred color !"

He worked at the clay with his hands, kneading it and forming it into a shape like his own. When the shape was made, he breathed into it his own breath. Life went into the shape, and it lay breathing as in sleep.

Tané stood over it, chanting a song of life. Slowly the eyes opened ; the limbs began to move ; the shape arose and walked. It was the first man, Tiki, whose blood and inner parts were red as the clay from which he had been made.

With wondering gaze the man stared about him, seeing the sunny plain around him, the sky above him, the trees of the forest near. Tané he saw not,

for his eyes might not behold the gods. He wandered on the plain and into that shade where birds were singing.

Goddesses came floating from high and far to see the new, strange creature made by Tané.

"He is alone," they said. "He must have a mate."

From sunshine that quivered on the plain and the echo that wandered through the forest, the goddesses wove a fine mist, which limb by limb they shaped into a woman. When they had breathed the breath of life into her, they sent her out to meet the man, and he was lonely no more.

The two lived together in the Earth Mother's garden, and from them have come all the people of the world.

The gods left the garden to the care of the man and woman. Tané went up to the heavens to live in the Land of Sunrise, beside the Lake of Glowing Light. Tu stayed unseen about the world, where he taught man the art of fighting.

All the gods gave the man and woman gifts: Tané from his trees gave them wood for boats and houses and fibrous leaves for ropes and clothing; Rongo and Haumia gave them roots and fruits;

Tangaroa gave them fish. Only Tu's gift was evil, for he gave them war. Yet they worshiped him more than any god, and only now are they learning how dark a gift was his.

A NEW LIGHT IN THE SKY

LONG ago, when there was no moon in the sky and all the nights were dark, there lived in a Maori village two girls who were very fond of each other and told each other their secret thoughts.

Ropa had heard about the Fire-that-never-goes-out, and she brought the news to Tamahine.

"It is kept hidden in the underworld," she said. "Spirit guards watch it night and day, lest any one should steal it. It is most precious, for whoever has but a flame of the Fire-that-never-goes-out has with it the Life-that-never-dies. I wish we had it, for then we need never die."

"That would be wonderful," said Tamahine, "but there is no way of getting it."

"I am not so sure about that. If we were brave enough to enter the underworld, we might find the Fire and bring away a little of it. What a gift that would be to all the people of the world! For just as the spirits never die because they have the Fire in the underworld, so people would never die if we had it on the upper world."

"But who is to go for it? Think of those dread spirits who guard it!"

"Think of the sorrow of death in the world!" cried Ropa. "Parents weeping for their little children, children wailing for their parents! Tamahine, I will go for the Fire. Will you not come with me?"

"The danger! I am not brave enough. I am not brave enough."

"Yet there need not be such terrible danger," said Ropa. "We might take a basket of kumaras to the spirits who guard the Fire. They will think we come as friends, and while they are eating the kumaras, one of us can snatch away a fire stick and run off with it."

"But they would catch us and kill us."

"We are both swift runners, and we should take care to have a good start. I don't think they would catch us."

"Our fathers would not let us go."

"We need not tell them where we are going or speak of the dangers of the journey. It will be enough to say that we wish to set forth together to visit our friends in the next village."

Tamahine still looked afraid, but Ropa took her hands and looked into her eyes. "I am going,

Tamahine," she said quietly. "When I think of death in the world, I feel that I must go. But I would not lead you into danger. I will go alone."

"Not so," said Tamahine. "Where you go, there I go also, though it be in the ways of danger or even death."

"Brave friend! Then come with me to the underworld."

"I will go."

The two girls made their plans. They asked leave to visit their friends in the next village, and leave was given them. They set out, taking food for the way and a basket of kumaras. But as soon as they were out of sight, they changed their course and turned their faces toward the north. "The entrance to the underworld is in the north," said Ropa.

At first they went easily enough. There was a track leading round the foot of a hill and over a plain and along the bank of a gentle river. But when they came to the great forest, their troubles began. Here every tree and bramble, every bird and insect, knew that those who traveled north were making for the entrance to the underworld, and they tried to turn the two girls back from danger and the death that might be waiting for them.

The tall trees locked their branches and shut out the sun and made the pathway dark. "Turn back before it is too late, or you will lose your way," they sighed. But the girls went on, though many times they lost their way.

"Turn back before it is too late," whispered the brambles. They caught the girls with their curved thorns and tried to hold them, but the girls went on, although their hands and bodies bled.

"Turn back before it is too late," piped the birds and insects, and they stole what food they could, so that the girls should not have strength to push on. But, though weak, the two went on.

After many days they could go no farther. All their food was gone but the basket of kumaras, and that they must keep for the spirits of the underworld. They were footsore and weary, so that they could scarcely stand.

"We will not give in," they said. "We will not go back. But we must rest and sleep, and it may be that strength will return to us." They fell at the foot of a wide tree fern, and there they slept.

Forest fairies came from the heart of the tree fern, peeping down through its great fronds at the two girls sleeping below.

"Did you hear that?" they asked one another. "They will not give in. The forest has done its best to turn them back, but they will not be turned."

"They are brave," said one. "Perhaps, after all, their courage will carry them safely through. Let us help them."

They trooped down to the sleeping girls, lifted them, carried them away to their fairy home, and laid them on beds so soft that there they dreamed the afternoon and night away in sweetest comfort.

When the morning dawned, the fairies brought magic foods and drinks that took away all pain and weakness, and the girls rose up strong and well and went on their way with thankful hearts.

Leaving the bush behind, they came into the land of mountains. Here many terrors were put forth to turn them back from death. Little hills humped their backs and raised themselves to mountains; mountains stretched themselves almost to the sky. When the girls went on in spite of them, both hills and mountains fell again to their own size.

Great rocks sprang suddenly into their path; clefts opened in the ground before their feet; storms roared about their heads; a mountain giant chased them. But they would not turn back, and at last the moun-

tains nodded to one another and said, "Leave them alone. Their courage will carry them through."

They went on easily now and safely, and when the mountains were passed, they soon came to the end of the land. Below them lay the sea; over their heads towered a tall tree with crimson blossoms. Its roots went twisting down over the face of the cliff to the rocks far below.

"We are near the end of our journey now," said Ropa, "for this is surely the tree that is called Spray-sprinkled. We have often heard the older people speaking of it. Between its lowest roots lies the entrance to the spirit world."

"Yes," said Tamahine, "this is the place. To that high rock on our left come each night the souls of those who have died during the day. There they pause and sigh, then fling themselves below to find their way into the underworld. If we can save our friends from death and this dark and lonely end, our sufferings on the way have been worth while."

They rested through the night; then when morning broke, they climbed down the roots to the rocks below. There they found the entrance to the underworld.

A passage dark as night led through the rocks and

beneath the earth. They entered that black passage, but their hearts beat fast and their hands were trembling as they groped their way along.

Presently a gleam of light shone far in front. They walked faster now. They came after a while to the end of the narrow passage and could peer out. Before them lay a wide plain, and in the middle of the plain was a fire made of three sticks crossed. Round the fire sat three spirit guards.

"It is the Fire-that-never-goes-out," whispered Ropa.

As quietly as they could, the girls crept up near the fire. But the spirits heard their steps and started up in anger.

"Mortals!" they shrieked.

Ropa held out the basket of kumaras towards them, edging nearer to the fire as she did so. "See!" she said. "We have brought you kumaras because we heard you had nothing so sweet down here."

Surprised at her boldness and the gift, the spirits took the basket and crowded round it to see and handle those strange fruits of the upper earth. Ropa stooped and snatched a fire stick from the Fire and fled with it toward the passage, Tamahine running fast before her.

They had almost reached the passage when shouts behind them told them that their trick was discovered. "Faster!" whispered Ropa, and they raced along the passage like the wind.

It was light now, for the fire stick flamed in Ropa's hand. They could go swiftly, but the spirits were behind them, gaining with every step.

"If only we can reach the opening," gasped Tamahine. "Ah, here it is! We are saved."

She sprang through the opening, turned, and took Ropa's hand to pull her through. But at that moment Ropa's heel was seized and held by a spirit below. She struggled and Tamahine pulled, but she could not free her heel.

"Give me both hands. Drop the fire stick," said Tamahine. "Drop it, or you will be pulled back, and that means death."

"I will not lose it!" Ropa cried, and she hurled it far into the air.

Tamahine caught her freed hand and jerked Ropa from the spirit's grasp and pulled her out above the entrance into the open day of the upper world. There the spirits dared not follow them. They were saved.

They looked up with astonished eyes at the flaming

fire stick. It was still mounting into the air, higher and higher, whirling faster and faster, until it whirled itself into a ball. Rangi, God of the Sky, looked out and saw it whirling. He stretched out his hand and took it and fitted it into a corner of the sky.

He called the North Wind and gave him a message for the girls who sat watching below.

"Tell them that the Life-that-never-dies is not for people of the earth," he said; "but tell them also that their brave deed is not lost, for the Fire-that-never-goes-out shall stay in the sky to give light when the sun is away. By its light men and women shall see their way by night, and forever they will bless those two for the good deed they have done."

The North Wind brought the message, and Ropa and Tamahine were comforted for the loss of the fire stick. They went home and told their friends all these strange happenings, and the people, seeing the new, great light in the sky, believed them and praised their courage. And men call that light the Moon.

MATARIKI'S STAR

MATARIKI in the sky kept his great star more polished than a greenstone earring. It shone so brightly that on the earth men pointed to it and admired it, and the other gods grew jealous.

"The trees I made and set on the earth are more to be admired," said Tané. "Why do not men gaze at them?"

"Our stars are as fine as his, yet they are not praised," said the other gods.

Nightly the star grew brighter and more beautiful, till all the world stood looking at it, and the gods could bear its praises no longer. They plotted to destroy the star.

Tané said, "On the third night, when Matariki takes his place in the sky, we will rush out together and seize him and kill him and break his star." To this the gods agreed.

But Matariki had friends as well as enemies. One was a fairy being, the Princess of a lake on earth; another was the wind. The Princess, holding her

waters still that they might be a perfect mirror for Matariki's star, made such a quietness about her that she heard what Tané said.

She told the wind. "We must help Matariki," she said.

"We are not strong enough. We cannot fight the gods," wailed the wind.

"We can at least warn Matariki. I myself will do that when the sun arises in the morning. Be here to help me."

When the sun arose in the morning, she left her lake and floated to the sky. Mists wrapped her round to hide her from Tané in the heavens, and the strong arms of the wind upbore her. She found Matariki and told him all the plot against his life and his star. "Flee and hide until the gods have forgotten their jealous anger," she begged.

"My place is here with my star," said Matariki. "I will not leave it till there is need. Yet I am warned and am ready to flee when I must. Return to your lake, brave friend, lest Tané see you and do you some harm. My thanks go with you."

The wind brought clouds and a shower of rain to hide the Princess, and she dropped into her lake unseen by Tané or any other of the gods.



Down into the lake he shot, he and his star together.

On the third night, when Matariki took his place in the sky, the gods rushed out on him, thinking to kill him easily and break his star as they had planned. But he was warned and ready. At the first sound of their coming he seized the great star in his hand and fled with it. Shouting and raging, the gods flew after him, and a wild chase began.

Matariki had the lead. Swiftly he flew through the great spaces of the sky, winding in and out between the stars, trying to hide behind the moon. But there was no place in the heavens that would hide him long from those fierce enemies; he must flee on. He still had the lead, but he was beginning to flag, and the three were gaining on him.

Where could he rest while he recovered his strength? Ah, he remembered the lake. The gentle Princess would give him refuge. He slipped behind the moon for hiding; then down into the lake he shot, down into its cool water valleys, he and his star together, while the three gods went up and down the sky, searching for him in vain.

"He has taken refuge with the Princess in her lake," the gods guessed at last. Down they went to the earth.

They found the Princess on guard, standing on a rock overlooking the lake.

"Give up Matariki," shouted Tané.

But though she was so afraid that she dropped into the lake and dared not answer, yet she would not give up Matariki.

"Wait ! I will drive him out," said one of the gods.

Standing at that end of the lake, he sang a spell that drew the waters to him. Soon the lake was heaped up on end, and Matariki was left uncovered and had to rise and flee again through the heavens. The chase went on.

But Matariki had rested and could now fly faster than ever, while his enemies were weary. Tané saw that their plot had failed.

"We shall never catch him now," he shouted. "Give me something to throw at his star. We may at least break that."

He seized a star from one of the gods and hurled it. There was a crash and a cry from Matariki. His splendid star fell in broken pieces.

Tané caught the fragments as they fell and threw them far into the darkest sky. "There will be no wonder star now," he laughed. "Men will praise my trees instead."

But the fragments shine on where they were thrown, and men still gaze at them and point. "Little Eyes", they call them. "For see," they say, "through them look down the eyes of brave men killed in battle."

The Princess stills her lake to be a perfect mirror for their shining, and Matariki is content, for that which was but one star is now seven.

MARAMA AND INA

MARAMA lived on the moon, in a palace of golden light. He was alone, and when he looked on the earth and saw Ina, he wished that she lived with him on the moon, for she was gay and pretty and full of life.

With a calabash in her hand she was running to the stream for water. In a flash Marama sped down from the moon and stood before her.

"I am Marama," he said. "I live on the moon, in a palace of golden light. Will you come and live there with me?"

Ina drew back from his dazzling brightness. "I cannot leave my mother and my father and my home," she said.

"On the moon you will have other joys."

"I cannot leave my friends."

"I will be your friend."

"There is a playmate of my childhood whom I will not leave."

"Come with me, and you shall bathe in Tané's lake and never grow old."

"No, no!" said Ina, and she would not go.

Marama caught her and lifted her from the ground. She clung to a young palm tree, trying to hold herself on the earth. But Marama was too strong. He carried her off, dragging the palm tree out by the roots and bearing it with them to the moon.

There Ina lived with Marama, and soon she was well content, for that was an enchanted life. There all was bright, with playing and singing and dancing among the stars and clouds. Once a month Marama and Ina bathed in Tané's shining lake, that they might forever remain young and gay and beautiful.

But though Ina was happy and had learned to love Marama and her life on the moon, she had never forgotten the earth and her old home. She had planted the palm tree on the edge of the moon and had set the calabash beside it, and there at times she would stand and gaze down upon the earth, trying to see her friends.

At first she could not find them, but when she had bathed a few times in Tané's lake, she saw more plainly. Now when she looked, she saw her mother weeping in her doorway for her lost child and the old companion of her childhood searching for her far across the land. She could not bear that sight.

“See where my mother weeps for me and my friend roams the land in search of me,” she said to Marama. “Will you not bring him here, that he may see how happy I am and may return to comfort my mother’s heart?”

Marama flashed down to the earth, seized the lad in his arms, and carried him up to the moon. Great was the boy’s astonishment at coming face to face with his lost friend, Ina.

She told him how happy she was; she showed him the wonders of that place; and she told him all that had happened to her on the night when she was lost. In return he told her how her friends had sorrowed for her ever since.

“I can never go back to the earth,” she said, “for I have bathed in Tané’s lake and shall never grow old. Stay with us for a while; then return to the earth, and tell my mother and my friends of my happiness, that they may not sorrow for me any more.”

He stayed with them for a time, seeing all Ina’s happiness and the pleasures of that life. Then the rainbow was called, and he slid down it to his old home on the earth. When he had told what he had to tell, Ina’s mother dried her tears, and all her friends were content.

Ina still lives on with Marama in the moon, but she still remembers her old earth home. When the moon is at full, you may see her gazing down, the tall palm tree above her head, the calabash at her feet.

THE MAGIC THREAD

TAWHAKI, son of a long line of chiefs, was young and noble and did so many brave deeds that his fame went out to all the land. At last even the fairy beings in the sky heard of him.

One of them said to her sisters, "Is this earth prince as brave and handsome as they say? I will go down to see."

She went down to the earth and found Tawhaki. She saw that he was even braver and more handsome than she had been told. She had watched him from a hidden place, but now she came out and made herself known to him and talked with him. He pleased her more and more.

She came each day to talk to him, and at last they liked each other so much that they were married. Tawhaki was glad and proud beyond all telling, for no earth princess was half so lovely as this fairy from the sky. She, who came from that high place, had left her home above the clouds to live with him in the *pa*, the Maori village. Well might he be glad and proud.

But her people in the sky were vexed. "She belongs to us," they said. "She must not live down on the earth. She must come back to us."

They sent a message to her: "Return to your home here."

She refused to go. "My heart is with my husband," she said. "I will not leave him."

They made a plot to carry her off. They came swooping down in numbers upon the land one day and lifted her and bore her off before Tawhaki's very eyes.

She tried to free herself from their hands. "I will not go with you," she cried.

Tawhaki tried to hold her and to beat off her friends. But they were too powerful. They pushed him away as easily as though he had been but a child, and they carried off his wife in spite of all that she might do or say. "You shall never return to the earth," they said.

"Come to me then, Tawhaki! Come to me!" she called, and as she was borne high out of his reach and out of his sight, he heard still her faint, far cry, "Come to me."

He stretched up his arms in despair. What could he do? How should he follow her, reach her in the

place to which she had gone? Yet how should he bear his lonely life without her?

He wandered about for days, sad and hopeless. She had said, "Come to me!" Surely then there must be some way of reaching her, if he but knew it or could find it.

He began to roam the land, looking for a way. He asked the great birds of the air to carry him, but they replied that they could never reach the sky, try as they would. He climbed mountain after mountain, but none was high enough to give him footing into heaven.

At last one morning, passing between high mountains, he came upon an old, old woman sitting alone in that bleak place. In her hand she held the end of a fine spider thread.

"Who are you, sitting here alone?" asked Tawhaki.

"I am the Oldest Woman in the World," she replied.

"Why are you here, in this lonely place?"

"I hold a magic thread," she told him.

Tawhaki looked at the thread, following it with his eyes till it went up out of sight.

"Where is the other end?" he asked.

"In the sky."

"Ah, ha!" cried Tawhaki. "And why is it let down? Why is it here? What is it for?"

The Oldest Woman in the World eyed him with a steady gaze. "A man of earth, wishing to reach the heavens, might climb this thread," she said.

"It is a tiny thread."

"It is a magic thread. It would bear a man if he were very brave, but he must never once look back or lose heart. If he did either of those things, he would fall and be dashed to pieces on the rocks. Is there an earth man brave enough to dare the deed?"

"I will go. I will dare the deed," he cried, his face alight with joy. "It is my wife who has sent down the thread. She has sent me this means by which I may reach her in the sky. Give me the thread, I beg you."

The old woman smiled, pleased at his courage. Yet she warned him well of his danger. "One slip, one moment's loss of heart, would dash you on the mountain tops," she said.

"I shall not fear," said Tawhaki. "My heart is too full of love to have room for fear."

"Then if you will go, learn the charm," she said, and she taught him a magic song to sing. "If ever your strength begins to fail, sing that song and you

will be strong again," she said. "By its means, too, you will be able to change yourself into what you will."

When she had heard him sing the charm over and over till she was sure he could not forget it, she placed the end of the spider thread in his hand. "Now go," she said. "Never look back, keep a brave heart, and if your strength fails, sing the magic song."

Holding that slender thread, Tawhaki leaped from the earth and began his marvelous climb to the skies.

Such a frail thread, yet it held! It swayed and swung, but he went up it hand over hand, trusting in its magic power to hold his weight. Up he climbed, clinging and swaying, up and up, until he was level with the tops of the little hills.

Still up, higher and higher! Now he was level with the highest mountains. Now he was higher still. He was above the mountains. It was cold and wet, for he was passing through the clouds; but he did not mind the cold and wet, nor did he think of danger, frail though the thread was. It was a magic thread, and his wife was at the top.

Up into the great, lonely spaces he went, between the clouds and the first sky. He had been climbing

for hours, and now his strength began to give way. He remembered the charm, and he sang it over and over as he passed through those vast, empty places, until his strength came back and he found himself able to climb swiftly and happily again.

Up and up, and now he had come to the first of those ten skies that overhung the earth. Each, he had been told, was a land in which dwelt fairy beings, but he knew his wife's home was not here, but on the fourth sky overhead.

He pushed through, and the flooring cracked and broke. As he climbed, a flood of water met him, pouring down through the hole he had made. "That will make a flood on the earth," he said.

He looked about him as he came up out of the pouring water. He had broken the sky beside the edge of a lake, in which fairies were bathing. It was their splashing which had caused the lake to overflow at that side, and his hole had let the overflow through to the earth. He grasped the thread tightly again and went on his upward way.

He reached the second sky and broke through that. There he met a snake-shaped fish, followed by hundreds of others, all wriggling and crawling behind him.

"Who are you?" asked Tawhaki.

"I am Tuna, King of the Eels," replied the fish. "I am searching for water, for this land is parched. Tell me, how is it on your earth?"

"Very wet, I am sure, for I have broken the lowest sky and let the water through from the fairies' lake," Tawhaki said.

"Good! The earth is then the place for us," said the fish. He slid down through Tawhaki's hole, he and his following, and they all made their way to the earth, in whose lakes and creeks there have been eels ever since.

Tawhaki went on to the third sky. Here he met Pukeko, the swamp turkey, long neck outstretched, still with surprise at the sight of a man from earth breaking through the skies.

"Who are you, and where do you go?" asked the swamp turkey.

"I am Tawhaki, on my way to the fourth sky."

"How is it down on the earth?" asked the bird.

"There is a flood there."

"Ah! That is the kind of world I want. Up here it is too dry. I shall go down to the earth, now that you have made holes in the skies through which I may make my way."

He looked at Tawhaki with mischief in his eye. "Do the fairies on the fourth sky know that you are coming?" he asked.

"No. Nor do I wish them to know," Tawhaki replied. "It is best that I come secretly."

"I shall give them warning," said the bird, and he opened his beak and raised his head to give a call that should reach the sky above. But Tawhaki, just in time, caught him by the nose and pinched it so hard that he could make no sound. The bird pulled and struggled, but Tawhaki would not let go.

"Will you promise to be quiet if I let you go free?" he asked.

With movements of the body the bird plainly answered, "Yes"; so Tawhaki loosed his hold and let him go free.

Down through the hole fled Pukeko, his nose red from that tight pinching. His children's children live in the swampy places of the earth to this day, and they are one and all hatched with bright red noses.

Tawhaki broke through the fourth sky and came to the end of the thread. He stepped upon the land and looked about him. Here were green forests and bright flowers and, through the trees, the gleam of

water. Fairy voices floated to him on the still air.

He followed the voices, yet very quietly, for if these people saw him, they would not let him come near his wife to carry her off to the earth. He slipped softly through the forest, watching on all sides as he went.

The water shining through the trees was a lake, beside which fairies worked, building a canoe. Hiding and peering at them through the branches, Tawhaki saw that these were the fairies who had carried off his wife.

"They are, then, her people," he thought with a great longing. "If I follow them, I shall find her, yet I dare not let them see me. What shall I do? What shall I do?"

He remembered the magic song. "I will change myself, so that they shall not know me," he said to himself.

Back into the forest he went softly, far back into a deep glade. There he chanted the charm over and over, until he looked like a poor old man, gray and lined and weary, as though for years he had been a slave. Nobody would have known the princely Tawhaki.

He came out of the forest and made his way slowly toward the fairies at the lake.

"There is a strange old man," said one, looking up from his building.

They all stared at him.

"How poor and old he looks!" said one.

"Not too old to work," said another. "Here, Stranger, you shall carry our axes home for us." They gave him their axes to carry, and he followed them toward their village.

That suited his plans, but he could not help smiling as he wondered what his people on the earth would think if they saw him carrying tools. Chiefs did not fetch and carry; only slaves did that. But he minded nothing. He would do anything at all to find his wife again and be near her. For her sake he would do a slave's work all day long.

As he followed the fairies, a fresh idea came to him. "How badly they build their canoe," he had been thinking. "I could show them how to do it much better than that." It was then that the idea came. "I will go back and do some of it now, and when in the morning they see how well it is done, they will perhaps let me teach them, and so we shall become friends. Then they will let me have my wife again."

He called to the fairies, "I am old and cannot walk fast, so do not wait for me. I will follow slowly."

"It is good," they said, and they went on.

Tawhaki changed himself back to his old strength, ran to the canoe, worked swiftly till one side of it was finished, then ran to overtake the fairies. "I cannot finish it until to-morrow night," he thought, "and I will not make myself known till it is finished."

By the time the fairies reached the village, he was the old man again, wearily carrying their axes and following them a great way behind.

When Tawhaki came to the village, he saw his wife almost at once. She sat sadly by herself, as though she could not be happy here where they had brought her away from her husband. Though she glanced at the old man carrying the axes, she did not know him for Tawhaki. He made no sign, for it was not yet safe.

He stayed in the village that night. Early next morning the fairies again set off for the lake, Tawhaki carrying the tools.

When the canoe was reached, the fairies stood staring at it in astonishment. "It is half finished and so well done! Who can have done this?" they said to one another.

Nobody knew who had done it ; nobody thought of that feeble old man who carried the axes. After a great deal of talk and wonder they set to work again.

When evening came again, Tawhaki did as he had done the night before. Next morning when the fairies came to their canoe, it lay there almost finished.

“To-night we will watch and find out who this kind worker is,” they said.

Tawhaki heard and smiled when he heard it, for that was what he wanted. When evening came, he worked again, the strong chief Tawhaki, at the finishing of the canoe, knowing that the fairies were waiting in the forest to surprise him.

Out they rushed from the trees. “We have found you !” they shouted.

He turned his face to them, and they saw that he was Tawhaki. He set off for the village, running swiftly.

Angry and puzzled, the fairies followed. “It is a trick. How did he come?” they asked among themselves. Some said, “Send him back to earth.” Others said, “He can teach us to build better canoes. Let him stay. We can make him one of ourselves, and his wife can then stay in her own place happily.”

They came to the house, and Tawhaki rushed in and stood before his wife. At once she knew him, and with a cry of joy she sprang to meet him.

Seeing the love in their faces, the fairies could not bear to part them again. "He shall stay," they all agreed.

They built him a house in their village, and they gave him fairy power, so that he need never die. He lives up there still in the greatest happiness with his wife, so powerful in magic now that his footsteps make the thunder, and when he lifts his arms, lightning flashes from his armpits.

MAUI'S BOYHOOD

IN the sea a cluster of seaweeds and jellyfishes floated about like a nest in the water, and in the midst of them lay Maui, the little baby. He had been left on the shore and the tide had carried him out, and now the soft creatures of the sea were taking care of him.

There he slept on the ocean, as if in a cradle, till the great gulls and sea hawks saw him. They came swooping down, their sharp eyes gleaming at the feast and their hooked beaks ready to tear his tender flesh. But Rangi in the sky looked down and saw his danger.

"Lift that baby from the sea, and hand him up to me," he called to one of the mountains on the shore.

The mountain stooped and lifted Maui from the water and held him high in the sky. Rangi stretched down his arms and took the child and laid him in a cradle of clouds and took care of him. So was Maui saved from the fierce birds of the sea.

Rangi loved the child and was good to him. Until

he was twelve years old, Maui lived there in the sky, and he had all that a boy could want. He ate sky foods, played sky games, learned sky learning. When he was old enough, Rangi taught him magic.

That was best of all, for soon he could do the most wonderful things. He could lift great weights — he could easily lift a thing a hundred times as big and heavy as himself; he could with a word stretch a thing until it was so long that the other end was out of sight; he could make himself invisible; he could change himself into any bird or animal he chose. He learned besides how to make spears and axes, ropes and fishhooks.

One day Maui looked down and saw a group of boys playing on the earth. He gazed at them longingly, for in the sky he had no playmates of his own age. "I wish I might go down to those boys," he said.

"It is no wonder, for they are your brothers," Rangi told him. "I will not keep you here if you would like to live there with them on the earth. But if you go, you must first promise to teach your people how to make their spears and axes and ropes and fishhooks as we do here, for theirs are not so well-made as ours."



In a cluster of seaweeds and jellyfishes lay Maui, the little baby.

Maui promised, said good-by, and was at once lowered to the beach where his brothers were still playing.

He ran to them and began to join in their game. But they stopped and stared at the strange boy. "Where do you come from? Who are you?" they asked. "Why have we not seen you before in the village?"

"I am your brother," he replied. "I was lost, but now I have come back to you."

"We have no lost brother!" they cried. "You are talking nonsense."

They ran into the house near-by. "There is a boy here who says he is our brother, but of course we do not believe him," they told their mother. "He says he was lost."

"Let me look at him," she said. She came out and gazed long at Maui and asked him questions.

"I am your son," he said. "You left me lying on the shore, and the tide took me out into the sea. There the jellyfishes and seaweeds bore me up and made a cradle for me, and presently Rangi looked down from the sky and saw me. He took me to his place, and there I have lived till now. I saw my brothers playing on the shore and came down to them,

but they will not believe me when I tell them that I am your son."

"It is indeed Maui," said his mother, who felt that his words were true. "It is indeed the little son I lost."

She took him into the house and made much of him. "You must be kind to him, for he is in truth your brother," she told the boys. "He will live at home now, here with us all."

So Maui lived now on the earth. His brothers were jealous of him, for his mother loved him best. They teased him and quarreled with him. But he taught them how to make better spears and axes and ropes and fishhooks than they had seen before, and he amused them with his magic. Using only one hand, he pulled a whale up on the beach; he changed himself into many different birds, one after the other; he made himself invisible.

"He is a marvel," said his brothers at last, "and it is no wonder our mother thinks so well of him."

They gave up teasing and quarreling, and all lived in peace together.

MAUI AND THE GODDESS OF FIRE

WHEN Maui was grown up, he thought much about fire, for the secret of making fire had long been lost, and now nobody knew how it was done. In the *pa* the fires for many years had not been allowed to die out. "If they went out, how helpless we should be," thought Maui, "for no one would know how to start another!"

Late that night he went round the village and put out every fire. "Now somebody will have to discover the secret again," he thought. "When the people have seen how much it is needed, I myself will go to search for it."

In the morning the people came running in dismay. "Some enemy has entered the *pa* in the night and put out all the fires," they said. "Now we shall not be able to warm ourselves nor cook our food, for we have no fire."

"We are helpless indeed when our fires go out," said Maui. "It is not good that we should be without the secret of kindling a flame. I will go to the Goddess who holds the secret and ask her to give it to us."

"You must not go!" cried his mother. "She is a terrible being, and you would never return alive."

All the people said, "You must not go. You must not dare the Goddess of Fire."

But Maui went. Down through the dark passages to the underworld he went, to the place where dwelt the terrible Goddess of Fire.

Yet she seemed not so terrible after all, for when he said, "Our fires on earth have gone out and I have come to you for help," she pulled a flame from one of her finger tips, lighted a stick with it, and gave the stick to Maui.

He set off as if to go home, but he was saying to himself, "This is not what we want. This will start our fires, but it is not the secret. It will not tell us how to make a flame."

He came to a pool of water, and he dropped the stick into it. The fire went out, and he carried the stick back to the Goddess. "I dropped the stick in the water," he said.

Without a word of blame she drew fire from a second finger tip, lighted another stick, and handed it to Maui.

He went away and dropped the stick into the pool. Again he came back and showed her the quenched

stick, and again she drew fire from a finger tip. Nine times Maui came back, and each time she was patient and gave him a fresh flame.

But at the tenth time she fell into a rage, for she saw that Maui meant to take from her all her fire so that he might watch and see how she made new flame. From her tenth finger she dashed the fire on the ground.

In a second the whole place was ablaze. Maui fled along the passages, and the angry Goddess flew swiftly after him.

But the fire was swifter. It roared up the passages and came out upon the earth, close behind Maui's flying form. It leaped into the forest and raced on, and in a few moments Maui was surrounded by the flames.

He could not save himself by speed, for the fire was ahead of him as well as at his back and at each side. He must use magic. He changed himself into a hawk and flew high above the flames. But the fire was so great that the air above was too hot for breathing.

Looking down, Maui saw a pool of water in the burning forest. "That will be cool," he thought, and he dived into the water. He found to his horror

that the water was almost boiling with the heat of the fire. Up he rose into the air again, faster than he had come down.

He did not know now what to do. How should he save himself? How should he save his mother and her house and all the houses of the *pa*? The whole land seemed to be on fire; even the sea was boiling with the heat.

He remembered Rangi in the sky and cried to him for help. "Send rain," he called. "Send much rain."

Rangi heard the cry and sent rain at once. But the fire was so great that rain could not quench it.

"Send a flood," Maui begged.

Rangi gathered the storm clouds of all the sky and sent a deluge that made a flood; and at last that terrible fire was put out.

The flood rose higher and higher, till the Goddess was in danger of drowning. Back she fled in terror to her cave in the underworld. As she went, she threw the last sparks of her fire into the tops of tall forest trees.

Maui changed himself back to human form and went home. His people, terrified at the great fire and the floods and thinking him dead, were overjoyed to see him safe.

"Yet where is the secret you went to find?" they asked.

"It is in the tops of some forest trees," said Maui.

He brought small, dried branches from the trees. These he rubbed together till sparks flew out. He caught the sparks in twigs and blew on them until he made a tiny flame ; he waved the twigs in the air till the whole blazed up. He had found the secret of making fire.

His people ever since have made fire from the branches of those trees.

MAUI AND THE SUN

THE people on the earth were all grumbling at the sun. "He travels too fast through the sky," the women said. "Before we can get our work finished, he has gone and darkness has come."

"He leaves us suddenly while we are hunting in the forest, and we cannot find our way home in the dark," said the men.

"He is too hot," they all said. "Why does he not spread his rays over a longer time? Then he would not burn up the world."

"Ah!" thought Maui. "Now with my magic I will help the people."

He went first to an old, old woman, whose bones would slip in and out and were enchanted. "Give me one of your bones that I may force the sun to move more slowly," he begged of her.

She slipped out her jawbone from its place and gave it to him, and he went home well pleased, for now his magic would be stronger than ever.

"Come!" he said to his brothers. "Come,

we will beat this sun and make him move more slowly."

His brothers laughed at him. "Who can beat the sun?" they asked. "It is not likely that we should go with you on such a foolish errand." In their hearts they were afraid to go, for though Maui had done wonders before them, still they could not think that he could beat the sun.

But he showed them the enchanted bone and told them all his plan, and in the end they went with him, to help him with their strength.

For weeks they worked, making great ropes, stronger and thicker and longer than any made on earth before. Maui sang spells over the ropes, enchanting them against the sun's power.

When all was ready, he set out with his brothers for the edge of the world. They traveled at night, sleeping in the shade of the forest by day, that the sun might not see them and guess what they were going to do.

When they reached the edge of the world, they lay down and slept there till the morning. Then Maui gave his orders. "As soon as the sun begins to rise above the edge, throw the ropes over him. Then hold him tight while I beat him."

The sun began to rise. "Let him come half up," whispered Maui. "Now!" As the round body came into sight, they threw the ropes and caught the sun fast.

The sun struggled and roared, but Maui laughed, and the ropes held. Maui beat him with the enchanted bone till he was flattened out and his rays were scattered. He has never been able to burn the world so badly since.

"Mercy!" whined the sun, and Maui at last left off beating him.

"You shall move more slowly, and the day will be longer," said Maui, "for you shall be tied to the earth."

With those great ropes he tied the sun firmly to the edge of the world. On a cloudy day they may still be seen, like long beams of light stretching from earth to sun.

Maui returned home with his brothers, and all the people were glad because of him.

MAUI AND THE DRAGON

MAUI had a wife now, and he lived in a house of his own by the side of a river, where it went down to the sea. He came home from hunting one day to find his young wife in tears.

“What ails you, Rau?” he asked.

“I am in fear,” she said. “Never more shall I dare to go to the river for water or to bathe, for a dragon has come up the stream and lies hidden in our favorite pool.”

“Can this be true?”

“I am but now escaped from him,” she said. “I had filled the gourds with water and had set them on the bank, and I was knee-deep in the water for a swim, when his terrible head came out above the stream, and his terrible eyes glared at me, and his terrible mouth opened widely to seize me and drag me under. Somehow I jerked myself away and escaped, but now we go in danger. The whole village goes in danger. We must have water from the river, or we shall die of thirst; yet the dragon waits to devour any who go near.”

“Ho, ho!” laughed Maui. “Be not so afraid, pretty one. Have you forgotten that I am Maui the Magic Worker, Maui the Fire Bringer, Maui the Sun Tamer? A dragon shall not hold us long in fear. Come, you shall help me to catch him. You shall lure him out of the water where he is so strong, and I will be in hiding ready to spring out and attack him on the bank.”

They arranged all the plan, and Maui sharpened his greenstone ax.

Next morning they went together to the river, walking in silence and sheltering themselves behind trees and clumps of flax. As they drew near the stream, Rau came boldly into the open, but Maui still walked hidden. He crept behind a great bush on the bank, and there he waited.

Rau stood on the water’s edge and began to splash with her hands and paddle about. The dragon made no sign; perhaps he had gone away again. She stepped back to the bank and took off her cloak and left it there and waded in to her knees, as if she were going to bathe.

That brought the monster from his hiding place. Out he came, swimming fast towards her. Rau turned to the shore again. Her heart was beating



Out the dragon came, swimming fast toward her.

loudly, and she was trembling with fear, yet she must not go too quickly.

She kept herself just in front of him as he swam, stepped out on the green, mossy bank with his great head close behind her, took another step, and another, and stood still, an easy prey. He looked at her. Should he leave the water where he was so strong for the land where he might be killed?

It seemed safe enough. There was no one about but the woman, and she had no weapon. She stood there only a little way in front of him, foolishly looking off into the forest. He could seize her easily. He would go up on land.

He clambered up on the bank and reached for her, but she had moved a little farther from the water. He followed her, and had almost seized her in his great jaws, when suddenly a swift figure darted from a bush close by, raining blows from a sharp ax on his head and neck.

Now began a great fight. The dragon turned and twisted and doubled, trying to seize Maui, trying to tear him, trying to escape back into the river. Maui leaped and sprang and smote again and again with the ax and would not let the dragon reach the water where he was so strong.

Blood spurted from the dragon's wounds and splashed upon the trees around; the sap of those thus splashed has remained red to this day. Birds came down to watch the fight, and some of them were splashed; the children's children of a swamp hen and a parrakeet still bear that stain.

At last the dragon lay killed on the trampled bank, even his tail stilled. Maui cut off his head and threw it into the river. It went down to the sea and there became a great conger eel, from which all the conger eels of the world have arisen. From his body, also flung into the stream, came many kinds of river eels. From his tail, flung into the forest, came the vines that still climb from tree to tree.

So was that dragon slain, and so by Maui was the village set free from fear of him.

MAUI AND THE FISH

ONE day Maui's brothers were going to fish.
"I will go with you," said Maui.

But the brothers were beginning to be afraid of Maui's magic, and they would not take him in the canoe. "For you never know what he might do to us, if he took it into his head to be unkind," they said. Yet he never was unkind.

But Maui had something to do, and he meant to do it. He changed himself into a bird, followed the canoe, flew into it, and changed himself to his own form again.

"Now row far out to sea," he said.

"This is where we fish. Why should we row any farther?" asked the brothers. They were angry that he had followed them.

"If you do what I tell you, you will catch more fish than if you stay here."

"How can you know that?"

Maui laughed at them. "How, indeed? How do I know all the other things that I have learned? Have I not lived with Rangi?"

"It is true," said a brother. "Let us go where Maui tells us."

Out to sea they rowed, until Maui said, "Stop now, and let down your lines."

They stopped rowing and let down their lines, and in a very little while they had caught so many fish that the boat would hold no more.

"Now let us go home," they said.

"Not yet," said Maui. "You have done your fishing; now I must do mine."

"But the canoe is already full of fish," his brothers said. "Besides, if we row any farther, we shall be out of sight of land."

"You cannot see the land now," Maui told them, and to their horror they saw that it was true. He had stretched out the sea by his magic until the other end could not be seen.

He laughed at their dismay. "No harm will come to you," he said. "Only do all that I tell you."

The brothers obeyed him. They rowed far out, farther than they had ever been before, until after a long while he told them to stop. "This is my fishing place," he said.

From the enchanted jawbone given him by the old woman he had carved a fishhook. He tied this to

his line and dropped it into the water. Presently there was a pull; something was caught.

Never had there been such a fish as this upon a line. It pulled more strongly than a hundred men. Human strength could not pull it up. Maui leaned over the edge of the canoe and chanted spells to help the hook, the line, his own arms. Only magic could bring up this fish.

Inch by inch he pulled in the line, chanting and pulling, pulling and chanting. Now it came more quickly, the water was hissing and bubbling, the boat heeled over on its side.

"Take care!" his brothers cried. "Oh, cut the line and give up this fish, or it will pull us all into the sea and drown us. The boat will be overturned."

Maui gave no heed to them. The fish was coming up, coming. He pulled harder than ever, chanted louder. The fish came to the top, heaved the boat up on its back, and lay still on the sea. It was an island that Maui had fished up!

The brothers sat amazed. "It is land, and it is ours for the fishing," said Maui; "but it is still partly fish, so do not touch it until I return. I go first to make a peace offering to Tangaroa, that he may not be angry at the fishing I have done."

He dived from the edge of the island and made his way to the Sea King's caves. But while he was away, those foolish brothers disobeyed him. They walked about on the island saying, "This part shall be mine," and, "I will have this piece," and they scored lines with their axes to mark off each share of the land.

Because the island was still half fish, it felt the pain of those cuts. It tossed its head and lashed its tail and twisted itself this way and that, until its back was raised and dented in a hundred places. When Maui came back, instead of the even, flat land he had left, there lay an island rough with mountains and valleys.

"You have spoiled my smooth island!" was all he said.

He lifted the boat down to the sea, and they went home. A little later they came back and brought seeds and planted green things on the island, and when these had grown, some of the brothers went there to live.

There are great forests and many people there now, for the island Maui fished up is one of those that form that Long Bright Land which is now called New Zealand.

MAUI AND DEATH

DEATH troubled Maui. "Our friends leave us and come back no more, and the whole world is sad because of it," he said. "Those we love must some day lie cold and silent, and their spirits must go sighing to the underworld, while we are left to weep. Is there no one who can overcome death? Is there no way by which man might be made to live forever?"

"Hiné, dark Woman of Night, giant Goddess of Death, lies where earth and sky touch," said his father. "She it is who causes death. If any man might safely enter her great body and touch her heart, she would die and men would live forever. But she is too terrible. No one dares to touch her heart."

"Tell me about her," Maui said.

"Her looks bring fear into the heart. Her body is so big that a hundred men might enter; her mouth is wide as a cave; her hair is tangled seaweed; and from her eyes flash lightnings."

"Yet I will go to touch her heart and win life for men," said Maui.

"You must not dare Death," said his father. "Great things have you done, but in this is too much danger, even for you."

"I will go," said Maui. "My heart is sore for the sorrows of man."

"Ah, do not go!" cried his mother. "You will never return. I shall never see you again."

All his friends said, "Do not go."

Maui would go. "I have my magic," he said.

"Alas, what is that against the power of the Dark Woman?" they asked.

"Yet I must try," he said.

He asked his brothers to go with him, but they would not. No one would dare that terrible journey.

He set forth alone. Only the birds gathered about him to give him company. They flew beside him, cheering him with their songs. Yet as it turned out, it would have been better for him if they had not gone.

At the end of the world they came on Hiné, lying asleep, her mouth like a cave, wide open.

"Make no sound," Maui whispered to the birds. "I am about to jump down her throat while she lies asleep. If she does not wake, I shall reach her heart

and touch it, but if she wakes before I reach it, she will kill me. So make no sound to waken her."

The birds promised to be silent. Maui threw off his cloak and stepped back for the leap. He ran, sprang, and landed in Hiné's throat. But there it was not quite so wide as he expected; he could not slip through at once, and for a moment his legs dangled from her mouth. He looked so funny that the fantail laughed aloud, forgetting her promise. That set the others laughing, try as they would to keep quiet.

At the sudden noise Hiné awoke, shut her great teeth together, and killed Maui in an instant.

Screaming now, instead of laughing, the terrified birds flew off to take the sorrowful news to Maui's people. The land was filled with weeping.

The fantail who had caused it all hid herself away, but the Northwest Wind found her and learned from her what she had done. He flew up to Rangi in the sky and told him of Maui's death.

"Hiné has his body, but tell her to send up his spirit to me," commanded Rangi.

The wind carried that message to her, and she had to give up Maui's spirit.

So Maui has lived with Rangi ever since, in his old

sky home. Sometimes, to show his people that he has not forgotten them, he puts his hand over the moon and makes the world dark. Then they say, "Ah! That is Maui putting his hand over the moon. He tried to overcome death for us, but no one can do that, not even Maui with his magic."

THE UNDERWORLD

NIWA was a fairy princess who lived in the bright land, hidden from human eyes, that lies below the earth. Her father was Lord of Earthquakes, and her mother was Queen of the Spirit World; she herself, like all in that lovely land, was slender and fair and beautiful, with golden hair that fell past her waist in a shimmering cloud. She was dressed in hanging seaweeds.

One day she came with a band of her people to see the upper world. There she talked with Mata, a brave young Maori warrior. She liked him so much that in the end she agreed to leave her home and stay with him on the upper world.

They were married, and for a long time they lived together happily, until one sad day when Mata grew angry and hot over some foolish thing and struck his fairy wife. Then Niwa, who had never before known unkindness or a blow, fled weeping away, and Mata could not find her anywhere. Sad and sorry, he searched the land, but found no trace of her.

“Ah! What have I done?” he cried. “Have

I driven her away forever? She must have gone back to her people in the underworld. But I will follow her; I will follow her and bring her back."

He set off, walking far and far until he came to a great, wide land which he had never seen before.

"Have you seen a woman passing this way?" he asked the people of the land.

"What is the sign by which we should know her?" they asked.

"The sign is her fair hair, unlike the black hair of your land and my own."

"She passed," they told him, "weeping as she went."

He went on and came to the opening into the lower world, where stood a spirit guard.

"What seek you?" asked the guard.

"My wife, who has gone before me," answered Mata, and at that the guard allowed him to pass below.

Through a dark passage Mata went and then came out into a land of light and beauty, with fairy beings working and playing about it. Some were fishing; some tended their crops; some were building houses; others were spinning tops or flying kites. All were gentle and happy.



"She passed," they told him, "weeping as she went."

"Have you seen my wife come this way?" Mata asked.

"She has passed on, her eyes swollen with weeping," they told him.

He went on, coming next to fairies tattooing a man who lay upon the ground, blood streaming from the cuts on his face.

"That is not the way to tattoo!" cried Mata. He had never seen that way before and could not see why it should be used.

The fairies looked up from their work. "Our way will last," they told him. "Yours will wash off, for it is only marked on your face."

They seized him and washed off his tattoo. "See!" they said. "Now you have no tattoo, no sign that you are a brave warrior. No water will wash ours away, for it is pricked and cut into the skin."

"Then I beg you to give me your tattoo, now that you have taken mine away," said Mata.

He lay on the ground and let them mark their spiral patterns on his face and prick and cut them in with their sharp chisels, till the blood flowed and he was in a fever with the pain.

"Niwa! Niwa!" he moaned in the fever, and

Niwa's sister, passing that place of pain, heard him calling.

She came to Niwa and said, "There is a man being tattooed who calls your name over and over in his fever."

"Perhaps it is Mata, come to look for me," said Niwa. "When the tattooing is finished, bring him here to me."

When all was done, the sister led him to Niwa's house, and though his face was swollen and he was almost blind with pain, yet they presently knew each other again. Niwa kept him in her house and was kind to him and nursed him back to health.

When he was well, Mata said, "Now let us return to the upper world."

"Ah, no!" said Niwa, "for there evil is done."

"It is my land, and I long for it," said Mata sadly.

Niwa sent for her father and brother to talk the matter over.

"If you go," said Niwa's father, "leave my daughter here. She cannot go back to a land where women are beaten."

At that Mata hung his head in shame and had no word to say.

The brother, who had grown fond of him, said,

"Mata, leave that upper world, and live here in peace and kindness, for with us there is no evil."

But Mata said, "Let us rather return, taking the ways of peace and kindness to that upper world. I will promise to live there as you do here."

"So be it!" said the father to that. "Let us never hear tidings of a second evil act."

"By the token of my cut tattooing, the ways of the underworld shall be my ways," Mata vowed.

Farewells were said and gifts were made. "Take with you new creatures for the upper world," said Niwa's father, and he gave them the owl and the bat to go with them.

"My people will find these creatures strange, and I am afraid they may kill them," Mata said.

"Hide them in the dark corners of the forest while the day is bright and men would see them," said Niwa's father. "At dusk they may come safely out into the night."

He gave them also a wonderful cloak, of such weaving as had not been seen on earth before. "Take it with you to the upper world," the old lord said, "and teach your people so to weave. And now, farewell, farewell!"

"Farewell!" cried Niwa and Mata, and they left

that lovely land and came through the passage to the opening.

There stood the spirit guard. "You may take nothing from the lower world to the upper world," he said.

"We take nothing but my tattooing and these creatures, the owl and bat, who fly beside us," Mata said.

"What is that bundle on Niwa's back?" asked the guard.

"Nothing but our own old clothes."

"Pass," said the guard, "but because that which you have said is not the truth, because it is a hidden cloak you carry, never again shall you or any living person visit the underworld. From this day forth, only the spirits of the dead shall pass my gateway, to dwell in the underworld forever. It is your punishment for speaking falsely."

Again Mata had no word to say. He and Niwa came out again upon the upper world, walked through the great, wide land, and reached at last his own people and his own home. As they traveled, the owl and bat followed them, hiding in the darkest corners of the forest by day, flying far at night when no man saw them. Ever since, these creatures have lived

upon the upper world, coming forth only at dusk, afraid of the light.

The cloak with its fine weaving became the pattern of all cloaks upon the earth. Men were taught the tattooing that would not wash off ; they bore the pain for the token of courage it gave them.

But, because of Mata's false words, never again could he or Niwa or any living person visit the underworld. Only when they died might their spirits pass the guard, to dwell in that bright and lovely land forever.

MAID OF THE MIST

UENUKU the Hunter found an unknown valley, and he rested there, for he had come far. It was a lovely valley, green and still. Down high rocks at his side a waterfall tumbled into a little stream that ran through the valley and slipped out of sight under the bushes and trees.

As Uenuku sat there on a rock, a cloud came down between him and the waterfall. It touched the earth, then vanished, and in its place stood two lovely fairy beings from the sky.

They looked on him with surprise. "This is our own valley where we come to bathe," said one. "No man has come here before."

Yet she liked Uenuku, for his face was brave and kind. She talked to him awhile, and they became friends. "I am the Maid of the Mist," she told him, "and my sister here is the Fairy of Gentle Rain. Go now, for we would bathe; but one of us will watch you from on high and note the house you enter. Then we will come and talk with you when it is dark, for no other man may look upon our faces."

Uenuku went home and waited, and when all was dark, the sisters came and talked with him. This they did night after night. The three became fast friends, and in the end Maid of the Mist married Uenuku.

“But tell no one you have a fairy wife,” she said, “for no human eyes but yours may look upon my face. I will spend each night here in your house, but at dawn I must return into the sky. My sister will keep watch to warn me of the day. Never speak about me to any one, for if you do, I must leave you, never to come back.”

Uenuku promised, and they were very happy. The gentle sister kept her nightly watch outside the house. At the first sign of dawn she would call, “O Hiné, the day!” At that cry the fairy wife would come forth, and the two would rise into the sky, to be seen no more by Uenuku till night fell again.

But to have a fairy wife from the sky, and one so beautiful, made Uenuku proud. He longed to talk about her, and at last he broke his promise and boasted to a friend. “It is a secret,” he said.

But if a man cannot keep his own secret, how can he expect any one else to keep it? The friend

whispered, and the news was soon buzzed about the *pa*. The people talked in one another's houses about it. "We must see her. We must see her for ourselves," they said.

They made a plot. They filled every chink and cranny in the reed walls of Uenuku's house, that no light might enter. "When dawn comes, she will not know," they said. "She will think it is still night, and so when she escapes at last, it will be day, and we shall see her."

Proud, foolish Uenuku allowed that plan to be carried out, knowing of it, keeping it secret from the fairy sisters when they came at dark.

The night passed. At the first dim gleam of dawn over the edge of the world the gentle sister called as usual, "O Hiné, the Day!"

But in the house Uenuku said, "I see no light," and indeed the darkness was so thick that Maid of the Mist thought her sister must be mistaken.

Again and again came the call, "O Hiné, the Day!" But each time Uenuku said, "There is no light," and each time the fairy wife listened and stayed on. At last the sun began to rise and the gentle sister must flee for her life into the heavens.



She came forth from the house, her long hair about her like a cloak.

The people of the *pa* were gathered together in front of the house, whispering and waiting.

Uenuku felt that the time had come. He rose and opened the door, and the light of day streamed in.

Maid of the Mist looked at the sun shining in the sky, looked at the watching people crowded before the house, and knew what Uenuku had done. No word she spoke, only one glance she flung at her husband's fond, proud face, but in that one glance his pride and happiness were quenched as a forest fire is quenched by sudden rain.

She came forth from the house, her long hair about her like a cloak. She floated to the roof and stood high upon its peak, and the people stood dumb with wonder at her beauty. She raised her arms above her head and sang a song of sad farewell to Uenuku. "You have deceived me. Nevermore shall I return. Nevermore."

A cloud came softly down from the sky in answer to her uplifted arms. It wrapped her round, hiding her from sight, then rose again into the sky. Maid of the Mist was gone forever from the earth.

Day and night Uenuku sorrowed; day and night he sought his fairy wife. In vain! She came no more to house or stream or valley.

He wandered out across the world in search of her. There were other streams, other valleys, other pools where she might bathe. But he found her not.

Year after year went by, and still he sought her, following every misty shape that flitted about the land and up the hills, but never finding her within.

He grew old in the search. Uenuku the Seeker he was called now, for his story was known far and wide. His hair turned gray and his steps grew feeble, and at last in a lonely land he died.

Then the high gods, who had watched him and had long been sorry for him, took him to the sky and made him one of themselves. He should live forever, and he should be god of the rainbow.

The people of the *pas* say that he has no doubt found his fairy wife up there. They say, too, that because he was once a man, he understands the sorrows of men and is kinder than the other gods. At times he stretches wide his arms to touch the earth he loved, and then we see the rainbow.

GOBLIN HOUSE

RUA, the great chief, went out with spear and ax to hunt the moa, and Toka, his young son, ran down the hillside to the sea and there dived and swam with other boys from the *pa*. They spent all the sunny afternoon in the water, as free and seemingly as safe there as if on land ; yet when Rua returned from the hunt, his son, Toka, was not with his young companions.

"Where is my boy?" Rua asked.

"We cannot tell," they answered. "We do not know. He swam far out to sea with us, but when we came back to the shore, he was not among us."

"Perhaps the sea goblins have taken him," said one, "for darkness had begun to fall, and they would have power at that time."

Great was Rua's grief. Toka was his only son, the child of his love. Such sorrow darkened his face that all his people wailed aloud, and the *pa* was filled with crying.

"I go to seek my son," said Rua, and he ran down to the edge of a great rock and dived into the sea.

“Come back !” his people cried. “Go not to your death.” But the waves closed over his head, and he made no reply. Alive or dead, his son should be found, though the whole sea floor be searched for him.

One magic power the great chief had: he could breathe under water. He would not drown, and he vowed that he would nevermore return to the *pa* until he had found his son and could take him back there to his home.

So now he began to walk over the land at the bottom of the sea, seeking, seeking everywhere. It was dark there, and he stumbled and fell, yet always he went on again. There were deep hollows and wave-beaten hills and great forests of seaweed, with many a monster lying in wait for him, but he went bravely on and safely.

When the light of morning came, he had walked across the whole sea floor, coming up on the shore of a wide, bright land, strange to him and lighted with sunshine. On the edge of the land, almost touching the water, stood a great house, its walls of reeds, its posts and doorway ornamented with the most beautiful carving Rua had ever seen.

He stood admiring it, tracing its wonderful scrolls and curves. He raised his eyes to the ornament over

the middle of the doorway, and suddenly his heart stood still in horror. That ornament was Toka — Toka, his son — turned to wood ! He stared at that beautiful ornament, set so cruelly there.

“It is the goblins’ house !” he cried. “It is for this they stole my boy.”

He rushed into the house, but it was empty. He called, but no one answered. Rushing out again, he met an old woman coming round to the door.

“Ah, who are you that you dare to come to the goblins’ house ?” she asked.

“I am Rua, the chief,” he replied. “The goblins have killed my son and turned him to wood and set him up above their doorway. Where are they ? Show me their track. Point it out, that I may follow them and punish them for the death of my boy.”

“They are far away in the deepest caves of ocean,” she replied. “They are too many. You cannot punish them. Return to your village before they find you out and kill you as they have killed your son.”

“I have vowed that I will not return to the *pa* without my son. Tell me where to find the goblins.”

The woman wailed with fear. “They will kill you as they killed my husband, as they have killed

many another brave warrior," she said. "Me they saved to make their fires and cook their food and be the doorkeeper for their house, but no one else returns alive from their cruel hands."

She looked up at him, a gleam of hope in her dim eyes. "I am old and frail, but you are strong and brave," she said. "I could do nothing to save your beautiful boy, though I wept over his death. Yet there is a plan, there is a way that has come into my mind at times, though I am not strong enough to carry it out alone."

"Tell me the plan," said Rua.

"These goblins cannot bear the light of day," she told him. "Sunlight falling on them kills them at once, for they are creatures of the darkness. All day they live in the deepest caves of ocean, where no light falls. When night comes, they return to this house to eat and sleep. Till morning I keep the door, to waken them with the first lightening of dawn, that they may leave the house before the sun arises."

"The plan! What is the plan?"

"I am coming to it. In the thatched roof and reed walls are many cracks through which the daylight streams, as you may see while you stand here. Being strong and young, you can climb upon the roof and

fill the cracks so as to shut out all the light. While they sleep, we shall also block the door and every crack in the walls. When morning comes, the house will remain dark ; the goblins will sleep on, thinking it still is night. By and by, when the day is bright, we shall open the door, and the sunlight will kill them all."

"It is a good plan," said Rua. "Let us begin at once."

They gathered weeds and grasses in great armfuls. Climbing to the roof of the house, Rua filled the cracks till no beam of light could enter. Then round the walls he went, till every crack there, too, was filled.

"It is well," the old woman said. "Hide yourself now, for the sun sinks fast, and my masters will soon come home."

Rua hid in the bushes near by, and silently the two awaited the return of the goblins. When the sun had sunk and night had fallen, those fierce beings came out of the sea in hundreds, chattering, pushing, quarreling, shouting. They fed and lay down to sleep, and soon all was still. Only Rua and the old woman crouched in silence, awake and waiting.

Presently they rose up and softly blocked the door

till no ray of light could enter. Then they sat and waited for the dawn.

The stars moved slowly, slowly past. Night seemed to have no end. Yet at last the first, faint streaks of daylight lighted the world, and those two anxious watchers found each other's eyes through the dimness and listened for the first sound from the house.

Brighter and brighter grew the light, but still the goblins slept, for in the house all was dark.

Presently one of the goblins awoke. "The night is long. Is morning not yet near?" he called.

"Sleep on. Sleep on," replied the old woman from outside the door.

The goblins slept again. Once and yet once more they stirred and called, but each time the woman said, "Sleep on."

At last, when the sun was high in the sky and sunshine beat upon the roof, the old woman said, "Now is the time. Let in the light."

She flung the door widely open, while Rua tore away the coverings from the cracks. Into the house streamed the fatal sunlight and out across the doorway rushed the goblins, trying to escape into the sea. But each fell dead as the light struck on him; not one was left alive.

"The world is well rid of a pest," said the old woman. "It is good, Rua the chief."

"I will burn the house," he said. "No evil things shall live in it again. First I will lift down my dear son, for he shall go back with me to the *pa*, dead and turned to wood though he be."

Sadly and tenderly he lifted down the little, wooden statue, laying it gently on the ground. He pulled off pieces of the beautiful carving from the posts, too, intending to show them to his people. Then he set fire to the house.

He stood there beside the woman, watching the burning of the house, when presently he heard a sound behind him as though some one moved. Turning, he stared, hardly believing his eyes. Toka, no longer a wooden statue, was rising to his feet, a living boy again.

The burning of the house had broken the magic of the spell cast upon him, and he was restored to life. With a cry of joy he sprang into his father's arms.

"My son! My son!" said the great chief, and his eyes were wet with gladness.

The old woman nodded and smiled at them, and they remembered her and thanked her for her help.

"Let us go home," she said.

So Rua made a boat and took them home across the sea, carrying the carvings with them. A great feast of rejoicing was made, and to this day the carvings of Rua's people are patterned after the pieces brought from the goblins' house.

THE ARMY OF THE SEA KING

KURU and Mai had a quarrel, and Kuru left Mai and went to live in the next village. Then Mai was sorry and wept bitterly. She went to that village and begged him to come back, and he would gladly have done so, for he too was sorry now. But the people of the village would not let him return to her and laughed at him for being sorry. "You shall stay here. You belong to us now," they said. She had to go home without him.

She walked along the beach, sobbing in her sorrow, and the Sea King, Tangaroa, in his home under the waves heard the sad sound of her crying. He changed himself to a fish and swam close to shore to see what was the matter.

"Why do you weep?" he asked.

The woman stopped, staring in surprise at the fish.

"Who are you that speak to me thus?" she asked.

"Ah, it can be none other than the Sea King in the likeness of a fish."

"Why do you weep?" he asked again.

"I weep because I have lost my husband, my dear

one," she said. "We quarreled, and he left me. I have been to the next village to beg him to come back, but the people will not let him come. Yet he would have come if they had not laughed at him."

She spoke so sadly that the king was sorry for her.

"I will help you," he said. "Dry your tears and go quietly to your home, and I will send a message to that village. It may be that your husband will soon return to you."

Mai went home, but though she dried her tears, her heart was not really comforted, for she did not think the great Sea King had power on land.

The king called a sea gull and gave him the message. "Fly to the village on the hill and command in my name that the people send back the man, Kuru, to Mai, his wife."

The sea gull flew high with the message. She sat on the wall that stood round the *pa* and called in her loud voice that all might hear, "Give back Kuru to Mai. It is the great Sea King, the great Tangaroa, who sends the word."

"The Sea King!" laughed the people. "Who on the land obeys the Sea King? Go back to your Sea King and tell him that we scorn to do his bidding. Kuru stays with us as long as we wish him to stay."

When the Sea King heard that message, he frowned and grew pale with anger.

"They dare me!" he shouted. "They dare my power! They shall pay for this."

He sent word to all fighting fishes, big and little, and called them to his aid. They came at once, tribe after tribe in their smooth, gray coats, crowding before his ocean palace to hear his words.

"On land I have been insulted; my power has been dared," he told them. "Sharpen your teeth and polish your skins this night, for in the morning we go to battle with men."

"We follow you wherever you may lead," they shouted.

They spent the night in polishing their smooth skins and sharpening their teeth and the spines of their fins and tails. In the morning they swam in ranks, thousands upon thousands, before the palace doors.

Out came the Sea King, changed into the biggest fish of all. Placing himself at their head, he led them to the battle. Through the sea they swam till they came to the shore, then scrambled up the beach, rank on rank, and poured across the country till they reached the *pa*.

The people within the walls ran out to gaze at this strange sight, the strangest they had ever seen, hundreds of thousands of fishes swarming up the land.

They laughed. "Ha ha! Never was seen such a sight before. It is a joke."

But one man was wiser than the others. "It is the Sea King's army!" he shouted. "No joke, this, but grim war. Remember how we laughed at the Sea King's power. He has come to punish us. To your houses for your spears and axes!"

"But fish cannot fight with men," they cried.

"We must destroy this army or it will destroy us."

At that the people ran to their houses, caught up their spears and axes, and came out to fight the fish.

Now was fought the strangest battle ever seen. Over the walls of the *pa* slid that great fish army, hundreds upon hundreds, thousands upon thousands, until the ground was so covered with their moving bodies that it could not be seen. The men speared and hacked and cut at the fish, while the fish fought fiercely with sharp teeth and spiked fins and flapping tails, or threw the men down by wriggling with polished skins beneath their feet.

The battle raged all day. The men fought hard, but the numbers of the fish were too great for them.

When the sun went down, no man was left standing. The fish army had won.

The Sea King changed himself back to his own kingly shape and stood looking down on the wounded and beaten men around him.

"You laugh no more at my power?" he asked.

"We laugh no more."

"Nor dare me?"

"Nor dare you."

"You will send back Kuru to his wife?"

"He shall go to her."

"Bid him stand before me."

"Is it your wish to return to your wife?" the Sea King asked.

"It is my wish. I have been foolish and would gladly be wise."

"You have both been foolish, and much evil has come of it. See to it that you quarrel no more."

"I will see to it."

"Go to her."

Kuru left the *pa* there in sight of the king and went home to Mai, and they lived in peace all their days.

Back to the sea the great Tangaroa led his army.

"Nobly have you done," he said. "Ask me what you will, and you shall have it, if it is mine to give."

One by one the fishes swam before the king and told what they would like to have, and one by one their wishes were granted by the king sitting there in state. Most of them had seen sights that day upon the land such as they had never seen before, colors and shapes such as were not found beneath the sea. From these they chose their gifts.

A cod had gazed upon the colors of the sunset and found them beautiful and asked for these upon its back. Another wished to wear the blue of the summer sky, and that too was granted. One had seen a boy's kite and wished to be like that in shape ; that is why the skate is now broad and flat. One asked to be round like the sun, and one wanted a spear fixed to the end of his nose. One strangely wished to be red like blood and to be able to groan like a wounded man ; and to this day you may hear the gurnet groan when he is caught.

So in turn every soldier fish who had that day fought well won now what he most desired. This is how the fishes of the sea got their shapes and colors. Before that, they were all alike, gray and smooth and polished.

FAIRY NETS

THE fish of the sea were like the sands of the shore, so many were they. Shoal after shoal swam past the headlands, swarmed up the river, glided and glittered through the clear waters. Yet of all those great numbers only a few could be caught, for the people had but lines and hooks.

Kahu thought much about the matter. Catching fish was slow work, even in the summer, and often there were not enough dried to last through the winter. If only there were some way of catching more than one at a time, how well fed the people might be! But no one knew of such a way.

One night he dreamed that a voice said to him, "Go north!" The voice seemed so real that all day long he could not forget it, and when next night the dream came again and the same voice said, "Go north!" he felt that he must go—and go at once.

He rose, threw on his handsome cloak of feathers, took his spear and ax, and stepped out softly past the sleeping people into the night. The moon was

shining, and before morning he had gone far from the village and his people.

For days he traveled, spearing or snaring his food as he went, sleeping in the forest, drinking from the clear streams that ran down the hills.

At last he came to the end of the land. He had gone as far north as he could go.

Night came and the full moon rose. Kahu lay under a tree, looking over the sea. By and by he heard singing, sweeter than any he had ever listened to.

Round the cliffs, into the little bay, came a fleet of boats, carved and decked with flowers. All the boats were full of fairies. In the bright moonlight he could plainly see their fair hair and fair skins.

They came to the shore, beached their boats, then waded into the sea and began to drag at something in the water, hauling and singing until they brought it up on the shore. There they spread it out, a great net filled with fish.

The fishes leaped and flashed like living silver. The fairies strung them on cords of flax, and Kahu stood watching under his tree.

"So this is why the voice said, 'Go north!'" he was thinking. "Why, here are hundreds of fishes

caught at once. I must find out how the fairies make that thing they use for catching them."

He ran quietly down the beach and stood in among the fairies and began to string the fish on flax. He was strangely fair for a Maori, and the fairies took him for one of themselves. They laughed and chatted and sang, and all the while Kahu was trying to see how the net was made.

When they waded in for the second net, Tahu waded with them, and in the moonlight they still did not know him for a mortal. He hauled at the net and helped to bring it to the shore, but still he could not tell how the stitch was made by which the rushes were formed into the net. Again he strung fish, but now he worked very slowly, trying to keep the fairies there till he had found out that stitch.

"Hurry!" cried the fairies. "The dawn comes."

But Kahu worked more slowly still, letting his fish slide off his cord and fall on the sand.

Some of the fairies came to his help. "Hurry! Hurry!" they said; but again he let his fish fall.

"If I can keep them here till dawn, I shall see more plainly how that stitch is made," he thought.

While they helped him so kindly, dawn came. At the first beam of morning light the fairies cried out in

horror, for they saw plainly that a man was among them. In an instant they were off; they vanished, every one of them, leaving boats and net on the shore.

Kahu gathered up the net with great joy. "Now I shall find out how to make the stitch," he said. "Now we shall be able to catch hundreds of fish at once."

He found out how to make the stitch, and he went home and showed it to his people. To this day they use the nets he taught them to make, catching hundreds of fish at once.

THE BATTLE OF THE BIRDS

THE sea shag visited the river shag and had no food offered him there.

“What a poor place!” he said. “Come down to the sea and I will feed you well.”

The river shag went down to the sea, and the sea shag at once caught a fish and gave it to him. But when the river shag tried to swallow it, its spines hurt his throat and tore it.

“What rough, sharp fish you have here!” he said. “Come up the river and I will give you something better than this.”

They went up the river, and the river shag caught an eel and gave it to his visitor. When the sea shag began to swallow it, it slipped up and down his throat so easily that he was delighted.

“O friend, your river is indeed a good place and your food is excellent!” he cried. “Give me part of your kingdom, and I will give you part of mine.”

“Not so,” replied the river shag. “I do not like your place or your fish, so what good are they to me?”

“If you will not give it to me, I will come again

and take it from you," said the sea shag, for he was now greedy for the river and its smooth-skinned fish.

He went home and began to raise an army, calling together all the sea birds for a great attack.

Word was brought to the river shag of the great army that was being prepared against him.

"I must be ready," he said.

He sent messages to the land birds. All day they came flying to the call, tribe after tribe, till by night-time the shores were black with birds, and the air was thick with their coming.

When dawn came up over the edge of the world, the robin roused that great army.

"Pi-toi-toi-toi!" he cried, and all awoke.

"Who will go forth as a scout to view the enemy?" asked the river shag.

"I will go," answered the long-tailed cuckoo. "When you hear me call, you will know that I have seen them coming."

He flew forth and spied the enemy coming, with the sea gull in their lead.

"Ko-o-o-e!" called the cuckoo.

"A-ha!" shrieked the sea gull in reply.

The cuckoo returned to the land birds. "The enemy is near," he said.

"Who will advance and challenge the enemy?" asked the river shag.

"I will bear the challenge," said the fantail.

He went forth in front of the enemy, where he danced and grimaced and cried his challenge, "Tei! Tei! Tei! Tei!"

"Who will chant the war songs and make the magic prayers over us?" asked the river shag.

"I will take charge of that," said the tui. "The crow shall start the chant and give the time; the saddleback shall recite the words; the pigeon shall say the prayers; and the short-tailed cuckoo shall finish all."

So he arranged it, and so it was done. The crow started the chant and gave the time; the saddleback recited the words; the pigeon said the prayers; and the short-tailed cuckoo finished all with his loud cry, "Kui! Kui! Kui! Whiti-whiti-ora!"

"Who will begin the battle?" asked the river shag.

"I will begin the battle," said the owl.

He arose and advanced toward the enemy, glaring and screeching, "Taka rere! Taka rere! Kia iro! Kia iro!"

Then the great battle began. Everybody fought

with tooth and wing and claw, and the air grew thick with falling feathers. From the start the land birds had the best of it, and in the end the sea birds were so badly beaten that they turned and broke their ranks and fled.

The gray duck laughed and jeered at them as they went.

“Ke-ke-ke-ke!” he called, and that was hard to bear. Yet it had to be borne, for the land birds were too strong for them.

The sea shag has never again tried to take the river. From that day to this, sea birds and land birds have lived in peace, each in their own kingdom.

RATA'S SEARCH

“THE wicked goblin, Matuku, took your father away when you were a baby,” said Rata’s mother, “and I have never seen him since.”

“All my boyhood I have wondered about my father,” said Rata. “Now I am a man, and I will go to find him. Tell me where the goblin lives.”

“You are strong, and your heart is fearless, but Matuku is a goblin and has magic power,” she said. “I cannot let you go, lest I lose you also.”

“I shall never rest again until I find my father,” he said. “Tell me where the goblin lives.” In the end she told him.

Rata set off at once to find the place. As he came near, he saw that a man sat there to guard the place.

“Where is Matuku, the goblin?” Rata asked.

“He lives below the earth,” the man replied. “I am kept here by him that I may call to him when the new moon rises, for then he comes above the ground to devour men.”

“He works much evil,” said Rata. “Help me, that I may punish him and find my father.”

"I will help you," said the man. "Here are two fountains of water. In the first Matuku washes his face when he comes up from the earth. Do not come near him then, for he would see you reflected in the clear water. In the second fountain he washes his long hair, and while he is doing that, you may spring upon him from behind, for then he will not see you."

"I will follow that plan," said Rata. "Hide me till he comes."

The man hid him in a bush, and they waited.

When the new moon rose up in the sky, the man called, the ground shook and opened, and a great goblin sprang out into the daylight.

He washed his face in the first fountain, then began to wash his long hair in the second fountain. While he was bent down over the water, Rata sprang upon him. He caught the long hair in his hands and held it, crying, "Tell me where my father is, or I will kill you."

Now Matuku's strength was in his hair; while Rata held it, he was powerless. He must answer.

"Goblins from the Land of Moonlight took him away from me and carried him across the sea," he whined. "Now let me go."

"I will let you go," said Rata, "but you shall not stay here to work more evil upon men. What bird will you choose to be?"

"A bittern," the goblin said unwillingly at last.

"Your power is over. You are a bittern," Rata said, and as a bittern Matuku fled screaming into the forest.

Rata went home to his mother. "Where is the Land of Moonlight?" he asked her.

"It is far across the sea, where the moon's rays fall at rising. You have no canoe."

"I will make a canoe."

"You have no ax strong enough to fell a big tree."

"I will go to that old man, my father's grandfather, and he will give me an ax."

He went to the old man and told him why he would make a canoe, and the old man gave him a beautiful ax of greenstone, polished and hard and strong.

Rata now went into the forest to find a tall tree for his canoe. On the way he passed a heron and a sea snake fighting on the shore.

The heron called for help, but Rata said, "It is unlucky to interfere with a sea snake," and he went on.

He chose the finest tree in the forest and began to

cut it down. All day he chopped, and towards evening the great tree fell. He left it till the morning. As he went home, the heron and sea snake were still fighting.

Next morning he went to hollow out the tree. The fight was still going on.

"Help me! You will never succeed until you give me your help," called the heron. But Rata went on as before.

When he came into the forest, he stood still in amazement, for the tree he had cut down was not lying where he had left it, but was raised up and standing in its old place and growing there as if it had never been touched.

It was the same tree. He could make no mistake about that. By what magic had it been upraised there in the night?

"Never mind. I will cut it down again," he said.

All day he chopped. By night the great tree had once more fallen.

[In the morning as he went again to the forest, he saw that the long fight between the heron and the snake was nearly over, for the heron was giving way.

"Help me, for my strength is gone!" she called

faintly, and at that Rata took pity on her and dared ill luck.

He ran into the fight with uplifted ax and cut off the sea snake's head. The heron followed him into the forest, walking weakly but with grateful eyes. There stood the tree, upraised again as if his ax had never touched it.

"I will cut it down once more," he said.

He cut it down, while the heron watched. Now, instead of leaving the forest, he hid among the trees to see what would happen.

Presently a troop of fairies came from their hiding places; birds flew in from all sides; insects crept and ran and flew, until the fallen tree was surrounded by creatures of the forest.

"Sing the charm," said a fairy. Together they sang:

"Fly together, chips and shavings;
Stick ye fast together;
Hold ye fast together;
Stand upright again, O tree!"

Each chip and shaving was lifted and put into place by the birds and insects. Slowly the great tree reared itself up and stood in its own place. In a few moments it was as if it had never been chopped.

Rata came out from his hiding place and seized a fairy.

"Why have you done this?" he asked.

"You cut down one of Tané's trees without first asking him," replied the fairy.

At that Rata was ashamed; but he told the fairies why he wanted the canoe, and they said, "Go home. We will make a canoe for you. Come here for it in the morning."

Rata went happily home. As soon as he had gone, the fairies made charms that felled the tree again and took off its branches; and the birds and insects, commanded by the heron, pecked and bored and drilled until they had hollowed out the trunk and smoothed the sides. When Rata returned in the morning, a mighty canoe lay in the forest.

Full of joy, he ran back to the village, shouting, "Who will go with me to the Land of Moonlight? Who will go with me in my canoe?"

"Your canoe?" asked his friends. "Yesterday you had no canoe."

"Yet to-day I have," he said.

They laughed at that. "No canoe was ever built in one night," they said; for indeed a war canoe meant months of work, chopping and smoothing and



Rata and his warriors bade their people farewell, seated themselves in the canoe, and rowed away.

hollowing with fire, carving and calking and ornamenting.

"My canoe was built in a night," Rata said. "Come and see it."

They followed him to the forest, crying out with wonder when they saw how large and strong was that fairy-built canoe. A hundred and forty men offered themselves as warriors to go with Rata to the Land of Moonlight.

When they tried to move the canoe, they found it so big and heavy that they could not push it down to the water. The fairies again came to Rata's help. They sent word to their friends in the sky, who sent rains that caused a flood. The water rose and rose, until the canoe floated and the men could guide it down to the sea.

The flood went down. Rata and his warriors bade their people farewell, seated themselves in the canoe, and paddled away.

Within three days they reached the Land of Moonlight. As they neared the place where the goblins lived, they heard the sound of singing.

"Wait here. I will find out who these are that sing," said Rata.

Silent and swift as a shadow, he made his way to a

ring of trees from which the sound came. Within the trees sat three circles of goblins; in the center of the inner circle lay Rata's father, bound by magic. The song was a charm for raising the dead to life.

"That might be useful to me," Rata thought, and he listened carefully until he knew the charm.

Now he went back for his men. Quietly they crept round the circle of trees. At a sign from their leader they rushed in and attacked the goblins, taking them so completely by surprise that they were able to kill them all. Not a goblin was left alive.

But the noise of fighting had roused a thousand goblins from other parts of the land. These came rushing down behind Rata's little band of a hundred and forty, and a fearful fight began.

They were too many. In a short time all Rata's men lay dead. He alone was left to face the enemy.

Now he remembered the magic song. He began to chant, and at the sound the goblins, closing in to kill him, drew back in dismay.

One by one, raised by the charm, his men sprang up alive, rushing again to the fight.

He sang on. His warriors fell, but rose again next moment. His army could never be destroyed while he sang.

"He has magic. We cannot beat him," the goblins said to one another, and they went away.

Then Rata and his men went joyfully home, taking the restored father with them.

THE FAIRY FOREST

UP the ridge of hills grew the forest, with tall trees that shut out the sun and made a soft twilight below the green roof, with flowering vines and brambles that climbed the trunks and hung in long festoons from branches, with ferns and mosses and a thousand springing plants for carpet.

The forest was sweet with bird song, for the fairies protected the birds and took care that they should not be killed. The fruits that hung from the trees were here red instead of white, to show that they were the food of the fairies and were not to be taken by mortals. The whole forest was the forest of the fairies, and they wished to keep it for themselves.

But Uru, the young Maori warrior, went hunting in the fairy forest, for he was bold and gave no heed to the warnings of older folks.

He climbed the slopes and pushed his way through the tangled bushes. As he entered the forest, a thin, high voice greeted him, as though it were a woman calling. He made his way towards the voice, but no one was there. Again came the call, from another

place. He followed it, but again no one was there. Three times he followed it, but each time found no one at the end.

“Aha!” said the bold Uru. “It is a fairy trying to lead me astray. I will not listen any longer.”

He climbed the ridge, found the trail of a wild boar, followed the trail and killed the boar, and strapped it on his back with thongs of flax. Then he started to return.

Down through the thickets he went, through gullies where tall trees stood shoulder to shoulder, up and down steep banks and bush-clad slopes — then stood still and stared in dismay, for he had come back to the place from which he had started, the very spot in which he had killed the boar.

He had lost his way! Well, he would not be frightened, fairy forest though it was. He would find his way. He started off again, though the dead boar on his back seemed to grow heavier with every step.

A long, long way he traveled, for a long, long time, through trees that shut him in on every side, but again he came out at his starting place, the spot where he had killed the boar.

He slipped the thongs from his shoulders and let the

boar slide to the ground ; he sat down beside it and knew that now he was afraid.

“The fairies are doing this,” he said. “They have me in their power ; they are leading me round and round. What shall I do ? It is growing dark, and I shall never find my way out of the forest by night.”

He made up his mind to camp in that spot. He gathered twigs and wood and made a fire.

“I will sit all night by the fire,” he said. “Then the fairies, who fear it, will leave me alone.”

For a long while he kept the fire going and stayed awake by it, but he was very weary, and presently he fell back and lay asleep.

No harm came to him. As he lay only fairy eyes peeped at him from the surrounding darkness, and when he woke in the morning, he saw a strange stick lying on the ground in front of him. A strange stick indeed, for, as he idly watched, it began to move.

“An enchanted stick !” he cried, and he sprang forward and caught it in his hand, for he was Uru the bold again, now that daylight had come.

The stick moved on, though he held it in his hand. It drew him away from that spot, and he followed where it led. He knew it was a fairy stick, but he was no longer afraid ; he would not let go, even

though he felt sure the fairies held the other end of the stick and were taking him away. He left the dead boar where it lay, and down through the forest he followed the stick.

It led him out of the fairy forest and set him on his homeward track. Then suddenly it vanished, and he saw it no more.

Out from the edges of the forest came a thin, high voice like a woman's, crying, "Come not again into our forest, lest evil befall you."

Uru the bold, being now also Uru the wise, never went in there again.

SHADOW GIFTS

TE Kana the Chief took his dogs and a party of men and went out to hunt in the forest where it climbed the mountain. Here in the caves and thickets of the rugged slopes hid many kiwis, those large wingless and tailless birds that love the darkness and come out at dusk to feed. These Te Kana hunted, and it was in his chase of them that he found himself on the mountain top when night came down.

Bold these hunters were, fearing nothing in the daylight ; but in the darkness they began to think of danger. For from the caves and rocky places more than kiwis came out at dusk — mountain fairies came out, too. They might be friendly or they might not. They might only peep between the trees and go away, or they might be angry when they found hunters in the places which they liked to keep for themselves. If they were angry, they would do some harm ; perhaps they would carry off the whole party to a hidden place from which they would never be able to return.

However, it was too late to find the way down through the black, dark forest ; the party must

spend the night on the mountain top. They made a big fire to give them light ; then they lay down to rest under a tree, between the great roots that had come up and twisted themselves high above the ground.

But there was no sleep for Te Kana and his men. In a little while they heard voices all about them, as if a crowd of people talked in the forest ; there were deep voices as if of men, higher voices of women, lighter voices of children.

“Find out who come !” Te Kana commanded his scouts.

They slipped like shadows into the bush, but when they returned, they said, “We can see no one, yet the voices are all about.”

“It is the fairies !” exclaimed Te Kana, and at that his people were all very much afraid. They would have run away if there had been any place of safety near, for who knew what the fairies might do to them ? But round them on every side stretched the dark forest, filled with the talking of the unseen beings whose magic was too strong for any mortal.

Nearer and nearer came the fairies, and now they were singing. They came close to the tree, and as the firelight fell upon them, Te Kana and his men could see them plainly. They were quite unlike the

people of the land. Instead of black hair and brown eyes and a brown skin, they had fair hair and blue eyes, and their skin was white. They seemed merry and not at all angry, yet it was hard to say what they might do.

They gazed at the fire, but when the flames leaped brightly, they slipped away into the shadows, as if they could not bear the brightness of the light. They stood on the twisted roots and looked down on the men lying there, and the men shivered and wondered what was to become of them and whether or not they would ever return to their homes.

"That one is the noblest and most handsome," they said, pointing to Te Kana, and they stood about him in crowds to look at him.

His men lay half dead with fright, for they thought, "Now they will take away our chief."

But Te Kana thought, "I will not lie here doing nothing for our safety. I will offer them my jewels; then perhaps they will take them and go away."

He took off the ornament that hung round his neck, a figure beautifully carved in jasper; he took off his earrings, one a precious, carved eardrop of green jasper, the other made from a tooth of a tiger shark, and he spread them out before the fairies, offering

them in his hands to the wide circle standing round him. Then, thinking the fairies would not care to take them from his hands, he stuck a stick into the ground and hung the jewels on that.

"Take them. They are yours," he said softly, making the sign of offering.

The fairies drew closer, and one came to the jewels. But instead of taking them, he took their shadows, the shadows of the jasper neck ornament and the earrings. From fairy to fairy the shadows were passed, till all had seen them and handled them. Suddenly, in a moment, the whole troop of fairies vanished. Without a sound they were gone — one could not see where.

They took with them the shadows, with which they were well pleased, leaving the real jewels still hanging on the stick. Their faces had been friendly at the offering of the gifts, and Te Kana knew that nothing was now to be feared from them and that they would not return.

In the morning he and his men went down the mountain and safely home. Te Kana wore his jewels, but the fairies had their shadows.

STOLEN BY THE FAIRIES

RUARANGI the Chief had a wife so beautiful that it is no wonder the fairies stole her. For that is what they do; they are harmless enough in other ways, but they are fond of beautiful women, and they will sometimes run off with one.

The King of the Fairies had seen Ruarangi's wife, and he it was who stole her. When he had her safely in his fairy city, he said a charm that made her forget her husband, her home, and all the years of her life that had passed.

When Ruarangi came home from his hunting to find his house empty and his beautiful wife gone, he was in great sorrow. He searched for her everywhere, through the village and the country round about, in the bush and the valleys and along the streams. Nowhere could he find her, nor any trace of her. At last he came back to the village and sought out the magic-worker.

"I wish you to find by magic where my wife has gone," he said.

"What will you give me for doing that?"

"Half my crop of kumaras, my sweet earth fruits that I prize."

"For that I will find her."

He made magic and looked through his magic eyes, and after a long time he said, "Your wife is living in the city of the Fairy King, who has said a charm to make her forget all her days. She has forgotten you, forgotten her home and her life here."

"What can I do?" asked Ruarangi.

"Go to the fairy city and bring her away. I will make magic and utter charms that will cause her to remember all at the moment when your foot touches fairy soil."

Again he made magic, uttering the charms that should make memory return. "You must take with you red ocher to rub on your wife's skin," he said. "Then the fairies will not be able to touch her, for they have no power against red ocher."

Ruarangi set off, taking with him red ocher dug from a little gully in the hills. After a journey that took many days, for the way was long and the walking was through the forest, he came out to a flat-topped hill set thickly with quaint, high-peaked houses. It was the fairy city.

He climbed the hill and came into the city, but not

a fairy could he see nor any sign of his wife. He walked through the streets, but all were empty. He looked into the houses, but they too were empty.

He came to the highest house of all, and from there the next hill, flat-topped also, came into view. There were all the fairies, watching in crowds the fairy sports. Dancing and flute-playing, throwing the dart and using the spear, racing and jumping were sports in which the fairies tried to excel each other, and those who were not taking part watched those who were.

Among them walked Ruarangi's beautiful wife, with the Fairy King. Her eyes were on the sports, but suddenly, as Ruarangi entered the fairy city on its hill and his foot touched fairy soil, her memory came back. In a flash she saw again in her mind all her past days, her home, and her husband.

"Ruarangi!" she thought. "O Ruarangi, how have I forgotten you? What magic spell has bound me? Ah, it is the Fairy King! It is fairy power that has held me and caused me to forget my home. I must escape; but how?"

She looked about her. Two fairies were wrestling in the ring, and the King with all his people watched with eager interest. She might slip away.

"I wish to speak to your brothers down there," she said, pointing to where the King's brothers stood.

The King nodded, then turned again to watch the wrestling.

She walked to the brothers, spoke to them for a moment, then walked on a little farther, slowly at first, hurrying as she slipped down the hillside and away from the fairy people. Up the next hill and into the fairy city, through the streets — and there face to face she met her husband!

"Ruarangi! O Ruarangi, I have just remembered. They had laid a spell upon me," she sobbed. "Oh, let us go home."

Joyfully he took her hand. He rubbed red ocher on her face and neck, that no fairy spell should have power over her. Then he led her home. There a great feast was made by their friends, for joy at their return.

Up in the fairy sports ground the Fairy King waited for Ruarangi's wife to return. When she did not come, he sent for her. The messenger returned, bringing word from the brothers that she had gone on toward the city.

"Very well. It is good that she should rest, for she has but mortal strength," said the King.

But when the sports were over and all went home, she was not in the city.

"There are footprints down the hillside," said the people.

The King stooped and gazed at the footprints. "They belong to Ruarangi and his wife!" he cried angrily. "Ruarangi has been here. He has dared to enter my city and take her away. Ah, ha! But he shall not brave the Fairy King. He shall be punished, and she shall return. Call the army together. In three days we march on Ruarangi's village."

The fairy army was called together. For two days they sharpened their axes and spears; on the third day they marched for Ruarangi's village.

Through the forest came friendly warnings to Ruarangi. "The Fairy King comes with his army."

Ruarangi called his men together. "Sharpen your weapons and make ready for war," he said.

The magic-worker said, "There is no need for a battle. There is a better way."

"Tell us the better way."

"What will you give me for my help?"

"The other half of my crop of kumaras," said the chief.

"For that I will help you. Listen, then, to my words of wisdom. You cannot fight the fairies, for their magic power would turn your weapons aside. Yet there are two things against which they have no power, red ocher and the smell of cooked food. Smear yourselves and your houses and your fences with red ocher, cook food and set it steaming on your posts and roofs as the fairies draw near."

Ruarangi and his people listened to the words of wisdom and obeyed them. The men rubbed red ocher over everything, and the women cooked great pots of food and set it steaming on the posts and roofs.

The fairy army drew up before the *pa*, and their battle cry went up. A gust of steam answered them, with its hateful smell of cooked food. Everywhere they turned their eyes they met the red glow of ocher.

"Magic! There is magic against us!" they muttered. "We cannot stand it."

They turned and would have fled from the horror of that red and steaming village.

But the Fairy King stood before them and barred the way. "Bear these things but a little while," he said, "while I make magic to overpower them."

He began to chant spells that should remove the paint and food, and his fairies took courage and stood

still, bearing them until they should be done away with. And soon they would have been removed, had not the magic-worker sprung to the gateway of the village and chanted spell after spell to make the paint and food remain.

Louder and louder they chanted, King and magic-worker, each trying to out-chant the other. The red ocher and the steaming food did not vanish; they stayed where they had been placed, plainly showing that the magic-worker's power was stronger than that of the Fairy King.

"We are beaten," said the Fairy King at last, "I can do no more."

He gave orders that the army should return to the fairy city, and they all marched away, never to come back. Ruarangi and his beautiful wife were safe forever from the fairies.

THE GOBLIN OF THE MOUNTAINS

HIGH among mountains that ran close to the seashore lived a greedy and cruel goblin who was a terror to the country. He caught and ate any who dared to go near his den — men, women, or children. When he could not get people, he lived on birds.

Down on the coast was a little harbor cut into the land. Here in a village that was built about its shores lived Pou, a fisherman. One day when he was out in his canoe, a sudden, fierce storm came on, and he was driven far out to sea. He was alone in the canoe, and in spite of all he could do, he could not force it back to land. Out he was driven, farther and farther, until even the mountains were lost to sight.

Three days the storm drove him. He drifted helplessly, half dead at last with cold and hunger and thirst, till he was flung up on a little island.

The people of the island came running down to the beach to see him. They took him to their king, who fed the stranger and gave him a home in the royal house.

For many months Pou lived there, but he was not happy, for he longed day and night for his old home and his wife and children.

The king saw his sadness and asked him at last, "Why are you sorrowful? Have we not done all that we might for you?"

"You have indeed done all that you might," Pou replied, "and my heart is full of thanks for your kindness. Yet I long for my home."

"Ah, is that so? Then you shall return to your home."

"But you have here no canoes great enough to cross the ocean. It is a long and dangerous way to my land."

"You speak but the truth," said the king. "Yet you shall return."

"How?"

"I have a bird that will carry you safely over the ocean."

"A bird? What bird will carry a man?"

"My magical bird can do that. You have never seen him; he is not shown to strangers. But I will lend him to you, and he shall take you to your land. You must first promise to step off his back the moment that he shakes himself."

"But if that should be over the sea?"

"He will not shake himself until he comes to land."

"Then gladly will I promise."

"It is well," said the king. He called, and a great bird came flying from the hills towards them. Pou had never seen so large a bird; a man might sit on his back and be no burden.

"Mount," said the king. "My bird will bear you safely across the sea and past the fierce goblin of your mountains. You must pass the goblin at the time of sunset, that his eyes may be dazzled by the sun and he may not see you go past. As soon as you are safe, the bird will shake his wings. You must at once step off his back and let him return while the goblin's eyes are still dazzled."

Pou mounted on the bird's back, promising to do exactly as the king commanded. Two bags of food were brought to him, to be carried on his way. He thanked the king and said farewell, and was borne high into the air and out above the sea.

Strongly and swiftly the great bird flew, mile after mile, mile after mile, the blue sea rolling beneath, the blue sky overhead, no land in sight on any side. All that day he flew, and at night he rested on a rock that

stood out from the waters, and there Pou ate and slept upon his broad, feathered back.

Next morning the bird fished and fed himself; then they went on again. So for several days they voyaged, until at last they came in sight of Pou's own land and the mountains where the goblin lived.

He sat there high on the mountain top, watching the sea. The time of sunset had not yet come, so the great bird hovered in the air, waiting, and the goblin watched and waited, too. Lower and lower sank the sun, and there came the moment when its rays struck full on the goblin's eyes, dazzling him. Swiftly the bird flew past him, swiftly down to the lower ground. The goblin heard the rush of his wings, but could not see him.

The bird shook his wings, for now was his time to return in safety, while the goblin's eyes were still blinded by the light. But Pou forgot his promise, forgot the bird's danger, thought only of his home and his longing to be there.

"A little farther, good bird," he begged; "it is far yet to my home. A little farther, and I shall be at the village."

The bird flew on till he came near the village, then



The sun's rays struck full on the goblin's eyes, dazzling him.

stopped and shook his wings again, but this selfish Pou would not step off his back.

“Only a little farther, kind bird,” he said. “See, yonder is my home.”

The bird flew to his very door, and there Pou stepped off and went in to the welcome that awaited him. The bird turned and fled with his great speed, trying still to pass the goblin safely.

But the sun had sunk, the blindness had gone from the goblin’s eyes, and he saw the great bird plainly. He threw his net over the bird, dragged him in, and there among the mountains he killed him and ate him up.

In his little island across the sea the king waited for the return of his bird. The days passed, and he did not come. Weeks passed, and then the king knew that something had gone wrong. At last a message was brought him by the wind: “The great bird of the hills has been devoured by the goblin of the mountains.”

Then the good king was filled with sadness for his bird.

“Who will bring this cruel goblin to me that I may punish him?” he asked. “It is time the world was rid of him.”

"I will bring the goblin to you," said one of his brave men.

"Go, then," said the king, "but since I no longer have a bird to bear you across the sea, you must go by another way."

He called from the seashore, and a great fish came in answer. "The fish will carry you on his back," said the king.

The warrior stood on the fish's back and was carried across the sea to the land of Pou.

When they came to the coast at the foot of the mountains, he stepped ashore, chanting spells against the goblin's power.

"Wait here for me," he commanded the fish.

Boldly the warrior climbed the mountain. By the time he reached the top, night had fallen. Before him stood the goblin's house, its red light shining through the open doorway.

The warrior stood for a moment, looking in. "His friends are with him," he said to himself, for a goblin party was gathered there. "They are all alike in looks. How shall I know which is the one I seek?"

He thought over all that he had heard about the cruel goblin, until he suddenly remembered that his



*The warrior stood on the fish's back and was carried across
the sea to the land of Pou.*

front teeth were said to be strangely crossed and overlapped. "Ah, I shall know him by that sign!" he thought. "When he opens his mouth to talk, I shall know him."

Boldly he went in. The goblins were so surprised at his courage that at first they only stared, but presently they began to try their magic on him, expecting to see him fall dead before them. But his spells had been chanted, and they protected him. He talked to them as if he were one of themselves, and he made them talk to him. While they spoke, he watched, but he could not discover the overlapping teeth.

"Then I must make them laugh," he thought.

He began to tell them funny stories. Story after story he told, till he had them all laughing. At last he saw the overlapping teeth. "Ah, ha! So that is he!" the warrior said. "Now to my work!"

He chanted the Spell of Sleep, and one by one the goblins sank down in slumber, lying on the floor where they fell. Standing over that cruel goblin with the strange teeth, he chanted the Spell of Unbreakable Sleep, sleep so heavy that no movement or noise would have power to waken the sleeper.

Now he found a big basket, packed the sleeping

goblin in it, and carried him down the mountain to the sea.

With his burden he stepped on the back of the waiting fish and was carried across the sea to the island. There he was rewarded by the king for his courage, while the goblin was punished by death for his many cruel deeds.

"It is well done," said the king. "Yet never again will my bird come over the hills at my call. I trusted Pou, but he did not keep his word."

THE BATTLE OF SPIRITS

PUA and Tau were two wicked magic-workers who lived in a high *pa* on a high hill. In the *pa* they kept a great carved head, which was served by an army of spirits. If the magicians, warned by these spirits, cried out, "Strangers pass!" the head cried out also and with so terrible a shout that all within sound of it fell dead, killed by its magic.

The hill became known far and wide as a danger spot; the forest was strewn with bones of the dead; Pua and Tau were feared through the land.

War parties tried to creep up the hill and take the magicians by surprise, but the unseen spirits in the forests round about always warned their masters; then the great shout rang out, and the warriors fell dead. There seemed no help.

At last the people begged help from Haka, a good magician, who lived far off.

Haka said, "I will dream about it. Then I will tell you whether I will go or not."

He made his magic, slept, and dreamed. In his

dream his spirits drove the evil spirits before them, so he knew that he would win.

"I will go," he said.

He took with him a trusty servant and set off for the terrible hill. As they passed through the villages near, the people who brought them food warned them of the great danger at the end. "You go to death," they said. "Do not brave the head."

But Haka said, "I go to the aid of those who asked it." He went on.

When they came within sight of the hill, his servant lost heart. "Let us turn back before it is too late," he said.

The good magician waved his hand, uttering spells, and the next moment the trembling man at his side saw that the air was filled with spirits who went with them on the way, guarding them. His heart was brave once more.

When they entered the forest, even Haka looked with dismay upon the bones that lay about, but they went on.

As they neared the *pa*, Haka made spells and called up all his spirits. Half he sent to show themselves in front of the *pa*, the other half stayed with him.

As soon as the good spirits showed themselves, the

evil spirits rushed out at them from the *pa*. For a time Haka's spirits fought; then they pretended to be beaten and afraid, and fled down the hill. Down flew the evil spirits after them, leaving the *pa* with no defense.

Then Haka sent the other half of his spirit army to take the *pa*. They took it easily, and as the evil spirits returned from their useless chase, they were one by one overpowered and destroyed.

Now Haka and his servant came boldly out from the edges of the forest and showed themselves. "You go in at the gate," said Haka, "but I will go over the walls, to show that I have no fear of these people or their magic." Though the walls, one within the other, were palisades of great pointed posts set closely together, yet he went over them easily and entered the *pa*.

The evil magicians saw with astonishment two men thus coming near, unharmed and unafraid. "Strangers here!" they cried, but the wooden head gave out no shout, only moaned and wailed, for its power was broken. The two went in, and Haka sat in the very temple where the great head was kept, but Pua and Tau could do him no harm, for his good magic was too strong for them.

Presently Haka rose up and said, "Now let us go, for we have rested long enough." He turned and smote his hands upon the doorway of that place, and the evil magicians fell dead as he went forth.

So was that terror done away with and the forest made safe for travelers, becoming once more a place of friendly shade and singing birds and refreshing waters.

THE FIRELESS ISLAND

TWO brothers, Manini and Hiki, were caught in a fierce storm while fishing and were carried in their boat far out to sea, beyond all sight of land. On and on they were driven by the storm, till they drifted past the place where the sky hangs down to the sea. Over the edge they went, and presently they saw an island before them. In the dimness of the evening they were just able to guide the boat to a sloping, sandy shore.

Here they sprang out and drew the boat up on the beach. A little way off they were able to make out rocks and a hill. They ran to these for shelter from the rain and wind and sleet.

They found the opening of a cave under the hill. They would gladly have entered, but voices from the cave told them that people were within. Would they be friends or enemies? Was it safe to enter? While they stood wondering, an old woman came to the opening.

“Who stand without?” she asked.

“Two brothers who were caught in the storm and

driven on the shore of your island," Manini answered. "May we take shelter in your cave from the rain and sleet?"

"You may take shelter here," she said, and she led the way into the cave. They followed her by the sound of her footsteps, for in here it was quite dark, and they could see nothing.

"Rest till morning," said the woman's voice.

Tired out with their fight against wind and sea, they were only too glad to lay themselves down on the floor of the cave. Here they slept till morning.

They woke to find daylight streaming into the mouth of the cave. The old woman and her daughter sat looking at them, and the daughter was so beautiful that each brother at once made up his mind that she was the one he wished to marry.

The old woman was kind. She talked to them, and she brought food and set it before the strangers. To their great surprise, the food was all raw — raw fish, raw bird, raw roots.

"Why do you not first cook these things?" Manini asked. He remembered the darkness of the cave the night before. "Do you not use fire?" he asked.

"Fire? What is fire?" the woman asked. It was plain that she knew nothing of its use.

The brothers searched until they found dry wood. They rubbed pieces together for a long time until a flame sprang out, when they wrapped dry grasses round the wood and waved the whole in the air till it blazed. The blazing bundle they pushed into a heap of sticks they had collected. Soon they had a big fire.

Mother and daughter had watched them with great fear. "It is an evil thing you have made," cried the old woman, for she stood in the smoke, and it made her sick and blinded her. "What do you do with the evil thing?" she asked.

"We cook our food with it," they told her.

She could not understand that, for fire and cooking and the building of a house were all unknown to her.

Manini showed her where to stand so as to escape the smoke; then the two brothers made an earth oven and placed in it the raw food the woman had brought. After a while they opened the oven and took out the cooked food. It smelled so good that the women tasted it; they liked it so much that they said, "We will eat no more raw food."

The old one ran round the hill to tell the other people of the island. They all came back with her

in a crowd to see the wonderful strangers and this strange fire and the hole in the ground that made food taste so good.

"They must be gods, these makers of fire!" they whispered to one another.

They brought gifts of food and spears to Hiki and Manini. In return, the two brothers taught them all how to use fire safely and how to cook their food.

"It is a good island and a kindly people," said Manini. "Let us stay here always." They built a house for themselves, and taught the islanders how to build houses.

When the house was finished, each brother said to the mother, "Give me your beautiful daughter to be my wife." The mother did not know which should have her, for she liked them both. The daughter would have chosen Manini, but the old woman did not think of asking her which she would have.

"You must run a race," the old woman said. "The one who wins the race shall have my daughter, if he can kill the dragon also."

They ran the race along the seashore, with the islanders all gathered round to watch and the sun shining overhead. Manini won, and the beautiful daughter laughed with joy.

"Now you must kill the dragon," said the old woman.

"Where is the dragon?" Manini asked.

"He lives over there, behind the highest ridge of hills," she said. "He is the terror of the island, for when he comes down, it is to slay and eat our people. He is so big that when he walks he shakes the earth."

"I will kill him. I must kill him," said Manini, and he made a plan.

He called the men of the island together, and they worked all night, digging a deep pit that would hold fifty men. In the morning they placed a screen of branches over the top of the pit. Then Hiki and the fifty men went down into the pit with their spears and axes and lay there hidden beneath the branches. Manini went off alone to rouse the dragon and lead him down to death.

Through the forest and over the hills he went, till he came to the top of the highest ridge. There in his den lay the dragon asleep.

Manini shouted, and with a roar of rage the monster woke and rushed from his den. Down he came swiftly, snarling and shaking the earth with his weight, and Manini had to fly like the wind before

him. He reached the pit only just in time, slipping under its branches as the claws of the dragon were shot out to catch and hold him.

The dragon tore at the screen of branches, his talons reached through almost to the faces of the men. With their axes they cut off the great claws. The dragon tore a hole with his teeth, and the fifty men attacked the giant head. After a fierce fight, the dragon lay at last helpless over the edge of the pit. Then the men sprang out and killed him.

While that great fight went on, the islanders had shut themselves in their houses and caves. Now they came out, shouting for joy that the cruel dragon was dead. "Manini has done it," they said. "Manini shall be our king."

So Manini was made king of the island, and he married the beautiful daughter.

Hiki sailed away in the canoe and found another island. There he also married a beautiful wife and was made king.



*Down he came swiftly, shaking the earth with his weight,
and Manini had to fly like the wind before him.*

HOW THE LAKE WAS MADE

HIGH up among the far-off mountains lived a giant, so big that he could step from one peak to another and so greedy that he liked to eat twenty people at a meal. He would sleep for weeks at a time; then he would come down into the plains for food, and the people would flee and hide themselves. They lived in terror, never knowing when he might appear.

One day the chief's daughter wandered out too far by herself, and she was taken by the giant as he came down the slope of the land. When he looked at her, he found her so beautiful and so pleasing that instead of eating her he took her up to his mountain home to live with him.

"You shall stay here always," he said, "for I am often lonely. And you shall cook my food and keep my house."

He placed a magic girdle round her waist, tying the other end to his own wrist.

"Now you are safe. You can never escape," he told her. "It is a magic girdle, which no tool or

weapon can ever cut. Only one thing can break it, but you know not its name, so I am not uneasy. You are tied to me. You belong to me."

The poor princess wept and struggled — but in vain. Wherever the giant went, she must go; when he slept, she must remain beside him. Despair filled her heart.

Down in her home on the plains there was great sorrow. All knew that the giant had taken her, and all wept for her as for one dead. Her father sent word of what had happened to the young chief of the *pa* at the river mouth, he who was soon to have married the princess.

He came with all his weapons of war about him. "I will climb the mountain and find the giant's lair and bring away the princess," he said.

"You cannot do it," the old chief said. "No one has ever returned from the giant's lair. You would go to death."

"Yet I must try. I cannot leave the princess in his power."

"Then go. But we shall mourn for you, too, in the end."

The young chief set off. He climbed the mountains bravely and came at last to the giant's lair.

There lay the giant asleep, with the princess sitting in sorrow beside him.

The young chief sprang to her and tried to bear her off, but the girdle held her.

"You cannot set me free," she sighed. "There is only one thing that will break this magic girdle, and that thing's name I do not know."

"Perhaps its name is strength," said the chief, and he tried to tear the girdle apart; but with all his strength he could not break it.

"Perhaps it is my ax," he said, "my greenstone ax that has done such mighty deeds."

He tried to cut the girdle with his ax, but he could not cut so much as one of its strands. He tried his spear; he tried every weapon he had; but none had power against the girdle.

The giant still slept on.

"Alas! You cannot save me," said the princess sadly. "You must leave me here. Go before the giant wakes."

"I will not leave you," said the brave young chief. "I will stay here beside you, and it may be I shall yet find some way to set you free."

"You must not stay. It means death for you."

"Then I will stay with you till death."

At that the princess wept more tears than she had ever wept before, for sorrow that he must surely die. As she wept, her tears fell on the magic girdle.

Strand by strand the girdle broke and fell apart. Tears of love formed the magic power that alone could break it.

With wide eyes and fast-beating hearts the two watched it till the last strand parted and fell away. Sobbing now with joy, the princess sprang up free.

In a moment, hand in hand, they were running down the mountain side, away from that dreadful spot.

They came down upon the lower slopes, down upon the plain, and reached her home in safety. Great was the joy of her people.

From the mountains came a great roaring and stamping, with a shaking of the peaks. The giant had awakened and had found no princess there. He came shouting across the mountain tops, but the east wind, taking pity on the princess, threw him down and held him fast against a mountain side and would not let him go any farther into the plain.

"The princess is safe for the present, but at any time the giant may rise up and come to carry her off again, so let us be married at once," said the young

chief. "Then I will take her to my own country, far from the giant's reach."

The old chief agreed to that, for the safety of his daughter, but the priest said, "Not so. No marriage shall take place until you have rid us of this monster."

"But how can that be done?" the young chief asked. "Is it not true that no weapon of man may hurt him?"

"It is true," replied the priest. "Yet it is also true that fire has power over him. You are brave; you have not grown up in the fear of him as our warriors dare to have. You may do the deed they would not do. I have a plan."

"What is your plan?"

"Watch him till you see him asleep; then pile dry scrub and firewood round him, set fire to it, and burn him where he lies. If you do that, you shall marry the princess."

"It is good. I go to follow your plan," said the young chief. "When I return, I will marry the princess."

He climbed the mountain once again and, hiding in its caves and forests, watched the giant till one day he lay down between the peaks and slept. Then the young chief brought dry fern and scrub and wood

and piled them round the giant's body and set fire to them, and the monster was burned to death.

In great joy the chief returned to the plain and the home of the princess. There he was made much of. Feasts were made for him, and the people sang of his great deed. "Now we are free from fear," they sang. "Our princess is saved, and we are set free from fear. The brave one has done it. The giant is no more."

The young chief married the princess and took her to his own country, where they lived happily all their days.

When the people went in among the mountains, they found that a strange thing had happened there. Where the giant had lain, a great hole had been burned, shaped like his body as he lay on his side with his knees drawn up. The mountains, disliking that gaping hole, had sent down floods of melted snow and rain and mists that fell like fine rain, to fill it. Now where the giant had slept his last sleep, there lay a deep, blue lake, touched here and there by the shadows of the mountains.

But the giant's heart had not been burned, for fire had no power over that. When the waters filled the hole and it became a lake, the heart sank to the bottom, and there it lies to this day. When storms

rage among the mountains and foaming torrents dash down their rocky paths as the fierce giant loved to see them, the heart lying at the bottom of the water heaves and beats and heaves again. And the blue lake rises and falls in time to the slow throb of that great heart.

HINEMOA

BESIDE Lake Rotorua lived Hinemoa, daughter of a great chief and a princess so beautiful that men of high degree were proud to touch her hand. But she loved Tutanekai and would marry no one else.

Tutanekai was not of high degree. Indeed, he was a nobody. He lived on the island in the middle of the lake, and everybody knew all about him and that his father was not even a chief. "Yet he is brave and loving, and I will marry him," said Hinemoa.

"You shall not even speak to him," said her father angrily. "If he comes here, I shall have him killed."

At that Hinemoa sent a message to Tutanekai, telling him to come no more to her home. "Some night when no watch is kept, I will cross the lake in my canoe and come to you," her message said, "and in your own village I will marry you."

Tutanekai sent a message back. "Every night I will blow upon my flute from the island. By that music you will know that I am waiting for you."

So every night Tutanekai blew upon his flute till

midnight came, to cheer and guide Hinemoa should she chance to be upon the lake in her canoe.

But Hinemoa never was upon the lake in her canoe. That stern old chief, her father, could hear the flute as well as she could, and he thought, "That is a signal from Tutanekai." He gave orders that every canoe should be dragged far up the beach at night and the paddles hidden. Night after night Hinemoa searched the shore, but there was never a canoe near enough to the water to be dragged into it with her single strength.

Night after night that music called across the lake, but she could find no means of answering it.

At last she said, "I will try to swim across."

During the day she found and hid six large gourds, hollow and light. Stringing them together with flax, three on each side, she made a raft for her body on which she might rest when weary. When night came, she slipped silently into the water with her little raft of gourds.

The lake was dark, and the sky was dark. The island was miles away; she could not see it from where she swam. No sound broke the stillness of the night until the music of Tutanekai floated sweetly out. At that Hinemoa swam bravely out towards it.

A long, long time she swam. When she was weary, she rested on her raft of gourds, floating while she gathered strength. Then she went on again. So, swimming and floating, she had made half the voyage when she suddenly felt herself give way.

"Alas! I shall not reach the island," she sighed. "I can go no farther. The dragon of the deep will find me here and devour me."

"Fear not. One so brave shall go unhurt." It was the voice of the dragon of the deep.

He pushed a cluster of rocks above the water, that she might rest on them. Thankfully she lay on them till she was rested; then on she went in the darkness of the night, strong and fearless once again — on and on and on.

Tutanekai said at last, "It is another night, and Hinemoa has not come."

He went home and put his flute away, never dreaming that she was out there in the blackness of the waters, guiding herself by the sound of his music. Her heart sank when that music stopped, but still she swam on bravely.

Presently the island showed, dim and high above the lake. She came swiftly now to its shore, where there was a landing place. Close to the landing



The dragon of the deep pushed a cluster of rocks above the water, that Hinemoa might rest on them.

place, in the edge of the lake, was a hot spring, with its little pool ringed round with rocks. Into the pool she plunged, warming her chilled body and aching limbs in its healing waters.

"Now to find Tutanekai!" she thought. "How shall I let him know I have come, for he has surely gone up to his house, and I would not be seen by any other than he?"

At that moment a man came to the lake for water. The moon was rising, and Hinemoa, peeping at him from the pool, saw that he was Tutanekai's servant.

"Ha!" she thought. "Now I will bring Tutanekai down to me."

"Give me water to drink," she said in a deep voice like that of a man.

The servant was startled, but he handed down his calabash of water, for he dared not refuse a drink to a stranger. Hinemoa took the calabash and smashed it against the rocks.

The servant ran to Tutanekai's house and told him that a stranger hidden in the pool had smashed his calabash.

"Take another and bring me water, for I am thirsty," said his master, and again the servant came to the pool.

Hinemoa smashed the second calabash — and a third. That brought Tutanekai in a rage from his house. He appeared, hunting in the pool. “Where is the man who broke my calabashes?” he cried.

“It is I. It is Hinemoa,” she said softly, and she rose up in the moonlight and went home with him, that beautiful princess, and no one in all the world was more joyful than Tutanekai.

They were married in his village, and great feasts were made for the brave Hinemoa. Everybody praised her courage, and when the tale was told to her father, he forgave her. And indeed Tutanekai showed himself so brave and strong that he might have been a real prince. To this day their children’s children tell of those two noble ones and of Hinemoa’s swim.

THE SUNKEN VILLAGE

TE RA the Wonder-Worker traveled a long and lonely journey for many days. Over rocky mountains and through valleys and thick forests he had to make his way till he was wearied and spent with much walking.

He came at the end of a day to the shores of a lake that lay still and wide in the forest. In the lake, only a little way from the shore on which he stood, was an island, and the island was covered with the houses of a village. Round its edges was set a stockade of posts, to protect it from enemies ; through the stockade Te Ra could see the gleam of fires, for the people prepared the evening meal. The smoke of cooking rose on the still air, and Te Ra, who was hungry as well as weary, felt that the village would be a good place in which to rest.

He looked about him. There was no boat on this side of the lake, but over there, drawn up on the beach of the island, were many canoes. He called to the villagers, asking that one might be sent over to him, that he might cross to their shore.

To his astonishment, no one took any notice of his shouts. He could hear their voices as they went about the *pa*; he knew that they could hear him where he stood; yet nothing was done to help him cross.

“O people, I stand on the farther side!” he called. “I stand a stranger, asking food and shelter for the night. I pray you send me one of your canoes.”

Here and there a villager came to the gates and stared, but no canoe was launched, no oar was lifted from its resting place.

Te Ra could scarcely believe his eyes. “I wish to rest in your village,” he called again. “Have you no kindness for a stranger who is weary and faint for food?”

The villagers laughed and went back to their houses, leaving him to stand unhelped on the other side of that deep water. At that Te Ra grew hot with anger. “So!” he muttered. “They who refuse the shelter of their village must be punished. They no longer deserve their homes.”

There on the shore he began to chant his spells, powerful spells that should bring a punishment upon that people. Through the long hours he chanted, calling on the darkness, on the spirits of the waters, on the gods of the underworld.

A monster of the deep rose to the surface of the lake. "What is your wish, Master of Magic?" he asked. "For what do you seek my aid, calling me from my dark dwelling place?"

"I have called you forth from your dark dwelling place that you may undermine the island," Te Ra said. "Break away its supports, that the village may sink into the lake; for its people are an unkind people and listen not to the cry of the stranger on the farther shore. No longer do they deserve their homes."

The monster undermined the island, breaking away its supports. Slowly, surely, the village sank. The water rose over the posts of the palisade, over the houses, over the food houses set high on their posts, over the great temple in the place set apart. Down went that island with all its people, and the lake closed over the place where it had been. Te Ra went on his way.

To this day the sunken village on the sunken island lies at the bottom of the lake, and people looking far down with the seeing eye may see its palisade of posts, its house tops, its high-set food houses, and its great temple in the place set apart. But the people who refused aid to a stranger are no more to be seen, for they did not deserve their homes.

THE REAL PRINCESS

N an island lived a princess who was so lovely that she was known far and wide as the Most Beautiful Maiden in the World. From all the islands round about chiefs' sons came to see her, but she cared for none of them.

In a land over the sea lived seven brothers. They were all tall and strong and handsome, but Ruru, the youngest, was taller and stronger and more handsome than any of the others. Because of this his brothers were jealous and hated him. They banded together and made a slave of him, giving him the roughest and hardest of the work to do and the oldest clothes to wear and treating him cruelly in every way. His mother was sorry for him, but she could do little to help, and his father was too old to know what was going on.

The brothers heard of Roronga, the Most Beautiful Maiden in the World, and they said, each in turn, "I will go and win her for my wife."

"Only one can win her, but we all can try," said the eldest. "Let us go together." In his own mind

he was sure that he could win her easily and that none of his brothers would have a chance.

"You will take Ruru?" asked their mother, for she could not bear that he should be left out.

"Of course we shall take Ruru," said the eldest brother; "but he need not think that he will see Roronga. He will go as our servant, to cook and carry for us. Roronga would not look at a man who has no fine clothes."

"Yet I will go, that I may perhaps by some happy chance see this beautiful princess," Ruru thought.

He helped his brothers gather together their finest clothes and ornaments and a number of presents for the people whom they went to visit. Everything was packed away in the great canoe with the sleeping places below the deck.

Off they went, Ruru as usual doing all the hardest work. In a few days they reached the island of the beautiful princess. There the people welcomed them and made a great feast for them and loaned them a house to stay in while they abode in that land.

The six brothers went off gaily to the feast, leaving Ruru to carry their things from the canoe and make the house ready for them.

Dancing followed the feast. The six brothers

danced well, and they looked handsome in their fine ornaments and their holiday clothes. Then a band of maidens danced, and each brother made friends with one of them and asked her secretly, "Which is Roronga?"

"I am Roronga," whispered each of those maidens in turn, for they all wished to be thought the most beautiful maiden in the world.

"Will you marry me and come to live in my island across the sea?" asked each of those brothers, delighted at finding himself so lucky. Each received the answer, "Yes," and the dancing went merrily on.

Down at the house that had been loaned to the brothers Ruru was arranging things, making a fire, cooking, looking for water. "Where shall I find water?" he asked a child who watched him.

"Near Roronga's house there is a spring," the child said, pointing.

Ruru took his calabash and went towards the spring. "So that is Roronga's house!" he thought as he walked. "She is sure to be away at the dance, and the house will be empty. No one will see me if I peep in at the open door."

He peeped in, and there sat the Most Beautiful Maiden in the World, for Roronga had not gone to the

dance. Instead, she sat within her doorway, watching the youngest brother doing all the work for those six older ones, and on her face was pity for him. She smiled at him now and asked him in.

There they talked, and the Most Beautiful Maiden with the great, dark eyes and the kind smile made him tell her of his life and his brothers' cruelty. She liked him and asked him to come again next night. "There will be another feast for your brothers," she said, "but I shall not go to it."

So each night, while the six brothers feasted and danced and talked with the six false Rorongas, whom they finally married in secret, Ruru sat with the real Roronga in her house, talking quietly and happy as a king. In the end, so well did they like each other, they too were married.

"But tell no one until we come to my land," said Ruru, "for if my brothers see you, they will take you from me. I will hide you in the canoe." He did not know that each brother was already married to one whom he thought the real Roronga.

Next day, when the six brothers and their six wives came down to the canoe and set off for home, not one of them knew that Roronga was hidden in Ruru's sleeping place nor did they find it out on the voyage.

When they landed on the island which was their home, the eldest sprang on shore and led his wife to his mother's house. "Welcome my wife!" he cried. "I have won Roronga, the Most Beautiful Maiden in the World."

"It is false!" shouted the next brother. "I have won Roronga."

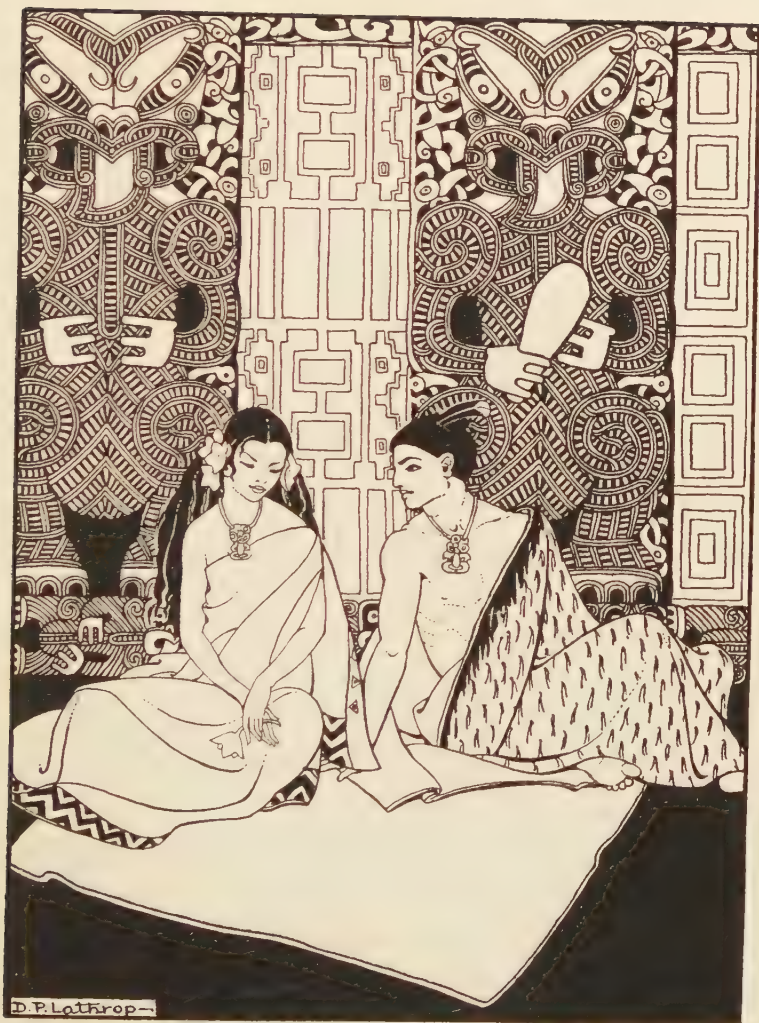
"I have won her!" "I have won her!" the others said. Then there was a great quarrel among the brothers, while the false Rorongas looked at each other but said nothing.

The mother said, "There are not six Rorongas, and none of these is handsome enough to be the Most Beautiful Maiden in the World."

"That is true. None of these is Roronga. She is hidden in the canoe. Come and see." It was Ruru speaking.

He led his mother to the shore where the canoe lay, and all the villagers went with them, for the noise of the quarrel had brought them from their houses. The brothers followed, roaring with laughter. "Ruru with a wife!" they jeered. "Ruru with Roronga!" But the wives looked at each other with uneasy eyes; it might be Roronga.

Ruru showed where Roronga waited, and his



So each night Ruru sat with the real Roronga in her house.

mother stooped and took her hand and led her out.

“It is true! It is Roronga!” she said, and all the people raised a great shout. “It is Roronga! Welcome, Roronga!” they cried, for every one could see that this was the Most Beautiful Maiden in the World.

The brothers turned to beat their wives, for they were very angry at the trick that had been played on them. But their mother said, “Leave them alone. You have well deserved this for your cruelty to Ruru.”

“Yes, leave them alone,” said the laughing villagers. “It is a trick that will make us merry for many a day. Ruru was despised by you all, yet now you have been deceived, and he has won Roronga. Come, let us make a feast for Ruru. Let us bring him gifts of ornaments and fine clothing, for he has won the Most Beautiful Maiden in the World.”

So a great feast was made for Ruru and Roronga, and gifts were made, and all the village praised her beauty and were glad. Never again dared the elder brothers be unkind to Ruru, for by marrying Roronga he had become a prince.

THE YOUNGEST BROTHER

WHEN Hatupatu was but a lad, his two older brothers were men. They were rough and cruel to him. When they went hunting, they would take him with them, but they made him do all the hard work, and they beat him and half starved him.

One day, far away from home, they had snared a great many wild birds in the forest, tuis and parrots and pigeons. The two brothers ordered Hatupatu to cook some of them for supper and to pot those that were left for use in winter.

Hatupatu worked hard, for there was much to do. The birds must be plucked and made ready for the cooking; the oven in the earth must be prepared, with its heated stones and its layers of wet leaves above and below the food and the earth heaped over all to keep in the steam. Then when the oven was closed and the evening meal was being cooked, there were many birds to be made ready for the potting.

Yet when the brothers sat down to supper, they gave him only the scraps, the very poorest parts.

He went hungry to bed. Though there was food all about, he dared not touch it. His heart was sore and angry.

Next morning the brothers left him at the camp while they again went hunting. "Finish the potting of those birds before we return," they said.

When they were gone, Hatupatu looked about him with famished eyes. "I am too hungry to work," he said angrily. "I am going to have a full meal. I will have a feast for once, no matter what they may do to me when they find out."

He brought out the cooked and potted birds, and then he ate and ate till he could eat no more. "Ah! How good it feels to be well fed!" he said. "Now I shall sleep, for hunger kept me wakeful in the night."

But when he saw how few of the potted birds were left, he was afraid. "What will they do to me?" he wondered. Then he had an idea. "I will make the camp look as if an enemy had come and stolen the food," he said.

He threw the cooking pots about, kicked everything into disorder, cut himself a little, and smeared the blood over his face and head and chest. Then he lay down and went to sleep.

When the brothers came home, they found the food taken, the camp in disorder, and Hatupatu wounded. "Some enemy has been here!" they said.

They looked about for signs of the enemy but could find no strange footmarks. They came back very puzzled. They looked again at Hatupatu's wounds and of course discovered that most of the blood was only smeared on. "It is a trick," cried the eldest brother. He pulled the boy to his feet and led him roughly to the spring.

"Wash!" he commanded.

As the blood came off and they saw how they had been deceived, the men flew into a rage. "So you are the enemy!" they shouted, and they fell upon the poor boy and beat him so cruelly that his cries filled the forest.

Away at the edge of the forest lived his old grandmother. When she heard those cries, she came hurrying to the spot to see what was the matter.

"Leave the boy alone, lest evil befall you," she commanded the brothers; and because they feared her magic power, they obeyed her and slunk away to their camp.

The old woman comforted Hatupatu, and he told her about his feast and the trick he had played on his

brothers. Now for the first time she knew how cruelly his brothers treated him.

"Your life is not safe with them," she said. "Why don't you run away?"

"Where could I run where they would not find me?" he asked. "They would catch me and punish me more harshly than ever."

"They shall not catch you," she said. "I will give you magic. You shall be able to enter the earth or the water without being hurt. Then your brothers shall not catch you."

She made magic and gave him the power to enter earth or water without taking any harm. Then Hatupatu ran away into the forest.

He ran, and when tired of running he walked, and then he ran again, till many miles lay between him and his brothers. When night came, he made a heap of dry fern and slept well. Next day he went on farther, till at last he felt safe.

Now he began to be happy. He lived by himself in the forest, catching his own food and eating all that he caught. No one was there to beat him or to be cruel to him. His brothers, who came seeking him, could never find him, for as they drew near he would disappear into the earth by his magic power,

waiting there till they had gone away again. He was free, well fed, and happy as a king.

But one day, as he speared birds with a long stick which he had pointed with a sharp, stone tool, another spear, crossing his, came through the branches from the other side. He stepped round the tree to see who was there and came face to face with a Woman of the Mist. She was tall as the tree, white as a cloud, and her spear was nothing but her own lips, which she had power to shoot out like a pointed stick.

Hatupatu would have fled, but her magic held him. "I will take you home to live among my creatures," she said. She picked him up in one hand and would not let him go, try as he might.

She took him to her home. It was a big cave under the hills. Rocks were its walls, and every kind of bird and lizard was kept there as a pet. There were scores of them, all well fed and well looked after, but all prisoners. Along the rocks were spread handsome cloaks of fur and crimson feathers, with many another treasure that the Woman of the Mist had gathered in her wanderings.

She was not unkind to Hatupatu. She treated him as she treated all her pets, feeding him well with



Now he began to be happy. He lived by himself in the forest.

the food she brought home each day, allowing him to do what he liked so long as he did not harm her birds or lizards. But she would not set him free. By her magic she held him prisoner while she was there, and when she left the cave each day to hunt, she left its opening magically sealed.

Hatupatu sorrowed for his freedom. Oh, to roam again through the bush, walking or hunting or resting where he would, free and happy as he had been ! But for years the Woman of the Mist held him prisoner.

At last he learned the spell that would unseal the door. Now he made a plan to escape.

"Over the first ridge of hills, over the second and the third, past the farthest ridge of all, there is a place where the finest pigeons live," he told the Woman of the Mist. "None are so large, so tender, and so fat as the pigeons of that place. I wish you would hunt there, that we might have them cooked for supper."

"I will go there," she said. "I will go there to-day."

As soon as she was gone, Hatupatu unsealed the door and passed out, sealing it again behind him. He sealed up all small openings through which a bird might fly out to warn the Woman of the Mist ; then he set off, running swiftly.

But in the rock walls of the cave there was one small opening he had missed. A small bird found it, passed through, and flew out to warn its mistress of Hatupatu's escape. She soon found her and told her what had happened. Back from the farthest hills came the Woman of the Mist, covering miles with every stride.

She overtook Hatupatu, fast though he ran. But he remembered in time his grandmother's magic gift and slipped into the earth, which closed over his head. The Woman of the Mist stood puzzled, staring in every direction.

He waited until he thought she must have gone; then he came up. But she was there still, looking for him. He had to run again. As she came up to him, he entered the earth, and so the chase went on, hour after hour, mile after mile, Hatupatu ever slipping below the ground when she was almost up with him.

They came to sulphur springs. Hatupatu jumped over them, but the Woman of the Mist tried to wade through them, and she sank out of sight. What became of her Hatupatu never knew, for he saw her no more. He ran on, free at last.

Now he found that his long running had brought him near his old home. "I will go there," he said,

"for I long to see my father and mother again. Now that I am a man, my brothers cannot illtreat me as they did when I was a boy."

He went to his home. His father and mother were overjoyed to see him return safe and well and grown into a tall and handsome man, but his brothers scowled and plainly showed that they were not pleased at his return. He was too big to be beaten or starved now, too big to be made to do all the hardest work. He was a man like themselves, and they could not bully him.

Yet they took delight in quarreling with him and were forever fighting with him. He was soon as unhappy as before and began to wish himself back in the forest, alone and free again.

His old father said, "Sons, fight your enemies rather than each other."

"It is a good thought," said the two brothers, for they loved a battle. They gathered together the warriors of the *pa* and led them across a great lake to fight a tribe who were their enemies.

Hatupatu begged to go too, for he thought, "If I fight well, my brothers may respect me and be kinder to me, and the warriors of the *pa* will make me one of their leaders." But his brothers would not give

him a place in any of the canoes, would not give him any men, would not have him in the battle. They saw that he looked like a noble chief, and they were jealous and afraid.

They set off without him, but he said to himself, "I will go, in spite of them."

He made a plan. Gathering together thirty cloaks, some like those of warriors and several like those of chiefs, he rolled them into a bundle, tied them on his back, and dived into the lake. There by his magic gift he walked unhurt and safe across the rocky floor beneath the water, eating mussels for his food. He came up from the lake on the farther shore and found that he had arrived there before his brothers and their army.

Great was the surprise of all those warriors when they saw Hatupatu there before them, drying his cloaks on the ground. They looked about them on every side. "Where is your canoe, that you came here so fast?" they asked.

"Never mind," said Hatupatu. "I have my little secret."

Next day the army marched across the land, and Hatupatu went beside them. But when the warriors were told off into ranks, none were given to him.

He went to his brothers and begged for men. "You have a thousand warriors," he said. "Give me but fifty, that I may take my place in the battle, and I shall be content."

The brothers only jeered at him and refused to give him any men.

"Very well," said Hatupatu, for he had known how it would be, and he was ready with his plan. He went a little way off and found a rough thicket that would suit him. Here he tied the bushes into shapes that looked like the shapes of men, and over them he hung the warriors' cloaks he had brought, keeping those of the chiefs apart. From a distance it looked as if he had a company of men crouching there, ready for the fight.

The enemy came in sight, and the chiefs began to make their battle speeches, striding up and down in front of their armies, calling on them to be brave and fight well. Hatupatu, in a high headdress of feathers and one of the chiefs' cloaks which he had brought, strode up and down in front of his mock band, making loud speeches like his brothers. Slipping behind the bushes, he changed into a different cloak and a different headdress and came out and made another speech. Then he changed and changed again, each time ap-

pearing like a different chief, till the enemy thought a great army under many leaders was hiding in that bit of forest. They were more afraid of them than of the thousand warriors they could plainly see.

The battle began. Fiercely it raged and long, and in the end the elder brothers with their thousand men were beaten. They turned and ran, and the enemy came after them with their spears and axes. Then Hatupatu rose up, crying, "Turn! Do not show your backs to the enemy." But they fled on.

The enemy was now in front of Hatupatu's army. They halted there, for though they could see only a few men crouched among the bushes, they thought the trees behind must be full of them, ready to rush out at the word of command. They did not know that here was but one man to hold them back.

At last their chief, with a great shout, rushed forward to the attack. Hatupatu sprang to meet him, and with one blow of his ax struck him to the ground. At the sight of their leader fallen, and with the terror of that hidden army in their minds, the enemy turned and fled far down the plain. With shouts Hatupatu pursued them, and it seemed to them that his voice was the voice of an army.

Seeing the enemy flying, with only Hatupatu

behind them, the warriors turned and pursued them with him, till presently no enemy was left in all that place.

Then speeches of victory were made, and the warriors praised Hatupatu above his brothers. "With bushes and cloaks he won the battle," they said. "With his ax and the cunning of his mind he defeated the enemy. Brave he is and wise, and he shall lead us. We will follow him, follow him only."

On their voyage back across the lake, the best place in the first canoe was given to him, and his brothers dared not deny him that place. In his own land his fame spread far and wide, and he became chief over his brothers and all their men. His word was law; all must obey him.

Yet he did not treat those cruel brothers as they had treated him, but dwelt in peace beside them, happy at last after the many hardships of his life.

RIVER MAGIC

N the bank of a wide river, near its mouth, stood a Maori *pa*, four of its houses built on a spur of land that ran far out into the shallow water, the rest grouped together between the river and the bush.

A young Maori boy came running from one of the houses on the spur, his black hair and brown skin and jolly, round face all shining in the sun. "Uru!" he called. "Uru, come and swing."

Uru came slowly from his house near the bush. He was less round and well fed than his friend and far less twinkly and merry. "Coming, Kia!" he called.

Together the boys went down to a tall, bent pole standing by the edge of the river. Long ropes of flax hung from its tip. Seizing one of these ropes in his hands, each boy swung and swung till he was far out over the water, then dropped and swam to shore. Over and over again they did that, with shouts of delight. As they wore no clothes and could swim like fishes, the game was easy for them.

Presently they tired of it and went on to other things. They threw darts and bowled their hoops and spun their tops.

"There is a wind now," said Uru after a while. "I'm going to get my kite."

"And I'll get mine," said Kia.

Both boys ran to their houses, each returning with a fine kite shaped like a bird with outspread wings. Where the bird's tail would be, a long, loose tail hung from the kite. Kia's father had made the kites and given them to the boys.

Soon the birdlike things were flying high in the air. But the wind was strong and blew them together, and the tails became tangled. The boys pulled too quickly at their strings, and both kites fell broken to the ground.

"It was your fault. You pulled too fast," said Uru crossly.

"So did you," said Kia. He sat down to clear the tails from one another.

Uru kicked at them. "If my father could not make better kites than those, he would not make kites at all," he growled.

Kia sprang up, hot with anger. "Your father never does make kites," he cried. "He never makes

anything or does anything. He is out to-day fishing in my father's boat, using my father's lines, because he has nothing of his own. He is a lazy good-for-nothing."

"I'll tell him what you said," shouted Uru, and he went sulkily home and would play no more.

At night, when his father came back from his fishing, Uru repeated Kia's words. "He called you a lazy good-for-nothing," he said.

"Did he? Oh, did he?"

Uru's father rushed out into the night in a hot rage. He was not only a lazy good-for-nothing; he was also bad-tempered and ungrateful. Kia's father had been the best of friends to him, but now he forgot all that and thought only of a child's hasty words. He strode along the river bank, his heart black with fury.

"I'll be revenged. I'll pay them back somehow," he said aloud. "I wish I could be rid of them. How shall I do it?"

"I will help you," said a voice behind him.

He turned and peered into the dimness of the night. There stood a river spirit, one of that dark tribe who come only to those whose thoughts are evil.

"I will help you," he said again. "My magic is for those who would destroy others."

The man pointed to Kia's house, standing on its strip of land that stretched into the water. "Those people have insulted me. I wish to be rid of them," he said.

"I can teach you magic words that will carry off that strip of land and send it floating down the river to the open sea," said the spirit.

"Gladly and quickly will I learn it," said the man, "for my heart is hot with rage."

Slowly the river spirit chanted the magic words, and over and over again the man repeated them, until he knew them by heart.

"Stand high on that little hill behind the spur, and chant the magic words until the land moves out to sea," said the spirit, and he slipped darkly away into the waters of the river.

Uru's father mounted the hill and stood there far into the night, chanting over and over the magic words, until presently the strip of land shivered and broke loose and began slowly to move out into the middle of the river.

Louder and more swiftly he chanted. The strip of land, a floating island now, went down the tide and out into the open sea.

"The first storm will break it up, and they will all

be drowned," he said. "I am revenged." He went home, well pleased in his evil heart.

Out on the tossing sea went the floating island, slowly drifting along the coast. When morning came, the people in the four houses awoke to find themselves moving on the sea, slipping past the woods and mountains of their old home, far from their friends, helplessly adrift.

At first they could not believe their eyes; then they wept and wailed; then they began to think what they might do.

"Some enemy has worked magic," said Kia's father, "and we are cast away. Yet all is not lost. We have our houses, our gardens, and our fishing lines. We need not starve. Perhaps we shall soon drift upon the shore. Until then we can fish and enjoy our floating island."

Now that was a wise thing to say, for it put everybody in good spirits. Kia ran to bring the fishing lines, and they fished from the island as from a boat. The mothers dug the kumaras and cooked the meals and caught rain water when the showers fell, that there might be enough to drink. The children played and watched the wonders of the sea and sky.

So day by day they floated on, for three long weeks. Up the east coast they passed, along the north, and down the west. No storm arose, no harm came to them, but never were they near enough to land upon the shore.

At last one morning they woke to find a black cloud spread across the sky. From the cloud came lightning and the wild west wind. Rain fell; the sea was lashed into great waves; the floating island was driven heavily before the storm.

The children were pale with fear, but Kia's father said, "It is good. The storm is driving us towards the shore. We shall land in safety."

Now a new land came into view, and they were floating fast towards it. Mountain peaks stood high and white against the sky; rivers and waterfalls tumbled like silver down their sides; noble forests clothed the land, hanging over the water's edge. It was all wilder and more beautiful than any coast they had yet passed.

The storm raged behind them, and they were driven nearer and nearer, till presently the island grounded on the beach of the new land. Kia was the first to spring ashore; the others followed fast.

The children would have run into the forest with-

out thought, but Kia's father said, "Wait. There may be hidden enemies."

Armed with spear and ax, he crept silently as a lizard into the bush, looking this way and that for signs of man. Soon he came back, safe and smiling.

"There are no signs of man," he said. "It is a new country and untrodden. Here are birds and berries and the roots we like to eat, and here is water in plenty. We shall fish in the sea and shall be well fed indeed. It is a good land, and the magic that cast us adrift has been in the end a blessing to us, for it has given us a new land in which we may live far from our enemies."

They made a shelter of branches and mats for that night, carrying to it all the things they valued from their houses, lest before morning the island should float away.

Next day they felled trees with their stone axes and began to build new houses, pulling down their carved doorposts from the island and putting them up again on their new homes, and using all they could before the island drifted off.

They settled there happily in that new country of the west, fishing and hunting and growing kumaras. The children became men and women and married

and built fresh homes and had their children, till people spread through all the land. They have lived there ever since, glad of the river magic that sent them forth.

The island rested some days where it had grounded, then floated off, and was carried out to sea again. Where it went, nobody knows. Perhaps it is floating still.

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